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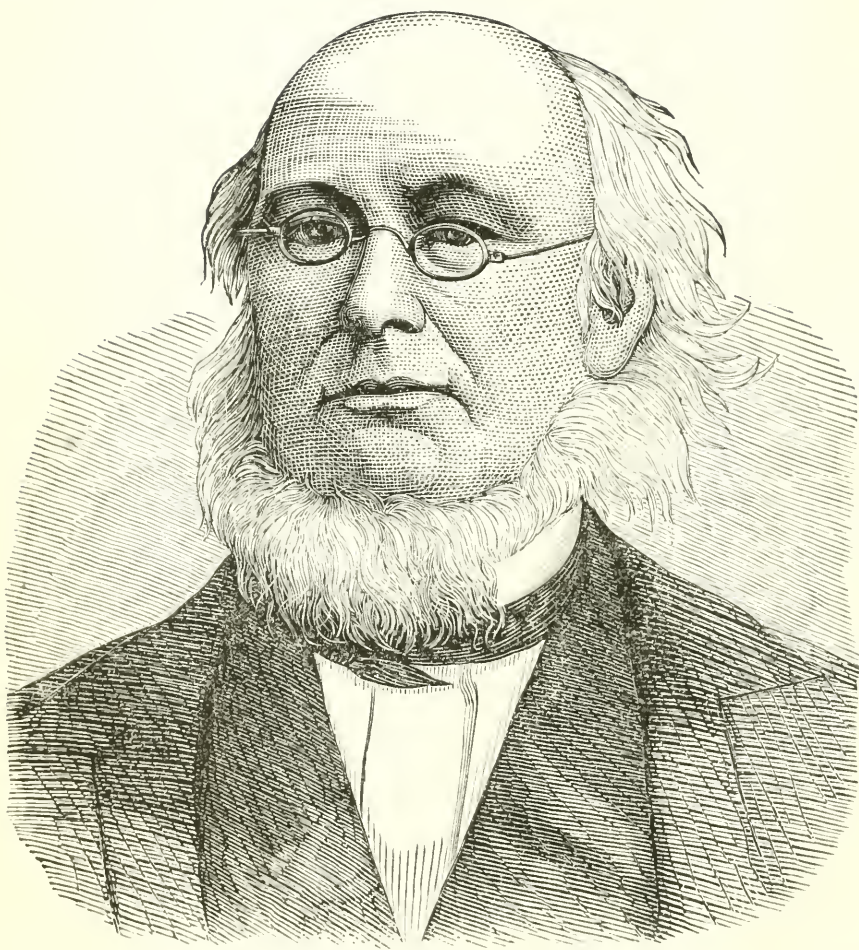
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THE
LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES
OF
HON. HORACE GREELEY,
LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
AND OF
HON. B. GRATZ BROWN,
CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT:
WITH A RECORD OF
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION,
ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE, PLATFORM OF THE PARTY,
ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED.

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HON. HORACE GREELEY.

THE LIFE
OF
Hon. Horace Greeley,
Liberal Republican
Candidate for President of the United States.

 HE name of Greeley is an old and not uncommon one in New England. The tradition is, that very early in the history of New England—probably as early as 1650—three brothers, named Greeley, emigrated from the neighborhood of Nottingham, England. One of them is supposed to have settled finally in Maine, another in Rhode Island, the third in Massachusetts. All the Greeleys in New England have descended from these three brothers, and the branch of the family with which we have to do, from him who settled in Massachusetts. Respecting the condition and social rank of these brothers, their occupation and character, tradition is silent. But from the fact that no coat-of-arms has been preserved or ever heard of by any member of the family, and from the occupation of the majority of their descendants, it is plausibly conjectured that they were farmers of moderate means and of the middle class.

Tradition further hints that the name of the brother who found a home in Massachusetts was Benjamin, that he was a farmer, that he lived in Haverhill, a township bordering on the south-eastern corner of New Hampshire, that he prospered there, and died respected by all who knew him, at a good old age. So far, tradition. We now draw from the memory of individuals still living.

The son of Benjamin Greeley was Ezekiel, "old Captian Ezekiel," who lived and greatly flourished at Hudson, New Hampshire, then known as Nottingham West, and is well remembered there and in all the region round about. The captain was not a military man. He was half lawyer, half farmer. He was a sharp, cunning, scheming, cool-headed, cold-hearted man, one who lived by his wits, who always got his cases, always succeeded in his plans, always prospered in his speculations, and grew rich without ever doing a day's

work in his life. He is remembered by his grandsons, who saw him in their childhood, as a black-eyed, black-haired, heavy-browed, stern-looking man, of complexion almost as dark as that of an Indian, and not unlike an Indian in temper. "A cross old dog," "a hard old knot," "as cunning as Lucifer," are among the complimentary expressions bestowed upon him by his descendants. "All he had," says one, "was at the service of the rich, but he was hard upon the poor." "His religion was nominally Baptist," says another, "but really to get money." He got all he could and saved all he got," chimes in a third. He died at the age of sixty-five, with "all his teeth sound, and worth three hundred acres of good land." He is spoken of with that sincere respect which, in New England, seems never to be denied to a very *smart* man, who succeeds by strictly legal means in acquiring property, however wanting in principle, however destitute of feeling, that man may be. Happily, the wife of old Captain Ezekiel was a gentler and better being than her husband.

And, therefore, Zaccheus, the son of old Captain Ezekiel, was a gentler and better man than his father. Zaccheus inherited part of his father's land, and was a farmer all the days of his life. He was not, it appears, "*too* fond of work," though far more industrious than his father; a man who took life easily, of strict integrity, kind-hearted, gentle-mannered, not ill to do in the world, but not what is called in New England "fore-handed." He is remembered in the neighborhood where he lived chiefly for his extraordinary knowledge of the Bible. He could quote texts more readily, correctly, and profusely than any of his neighbors, laymen or clergymen. He had the reputation of knowing the whole Bible by heart. He was a Baptist; and all who knew him unite in declaring that a worthier man never lived than Zaccheus Greeley. He had a large family, and lived to the age of ninety-five.

His second son was named Zaccheus also, and he is the father of Horace Greeley. He is still living, and cultivates an ample domain in Erie county, Pennsylvania, acquired in part by his own arduous labors, in part by the labors of his second son, and in part by the liberality of his eldest son, Horace. At this time, nearly eighty years of age, his form is as straight, his step as decided, his constitution nearly as firm, and his look nearly as young, as though he were in the prime of life.

All the Greeleys are persons of marked and peculiar characters. Many of them are "*characters*." The word which perhaps best describes the quality for which they are distinguished is *tenacity*. They are, as a race, tenacious of life, tenacious of opinions and preferences, of tenacious memory, and tenacious of their purposes. One member of the family died at the age of one hundred and twenty years; and a large proportion of the early generations lived more than three score years and ten. Few of the name have been rich, but most have been persons of substance and respectability,

acquiring their property, generally, by the cultivation of the soil, and a soil, too, which does not yield its favors to the sluggard. It is the boast of those members of the family who have attended to its genealogy, that no Greeley was ever a prisoner, a pauper, or worse than either, a tory! Two of Horace Greeley's great uncles perished at Bennington, and he was fully justified in his assertion, made in the heat of the Roman controversy a few years ago, that he was "born of republican parentage, of an ancestry which participated vividly in the hopes and fears, the convictions and efforts of the American Revolution." And he added: "We cannot disavow nor prove recreant to the principles on which that Revolution was justified—on which only it *can* be justified. If adherence to these principles makes us 'the unmitigated enemy of Pius IX.,' we regret the enmity, but cannot abjure our principles."

The maiden name of Horace Greeley's mother was Woodburn, Mary Woodburn, of Londonderry.

The founder of the Woodburn family in this country was John Woodburn, who emigrated from Londonderry in Ireland, to Londonderry in New Hampshire, about the year 1825, seven years after the settlement of the original sixteen families. He never came over with his brother David, who was drowned a few years after, leaving a family.

Neither of the brothers actually served in the siege of Londonderry; they were too young for that; but they were both men of the true Londonderry stamp, men with a good stroke in their arms, a merry twinkle in their eyes, indomitable workers, and not more brave in fight than indefatigable in frolic; fair-haired men like all their brethren, and gall-less.

John Woodburn obtained the usual grant of one hundred and twenty acres of land, besides the "out-lot and home-lot" before alluded to, and he took root in Londonderry and flourished. He was twice married, and was the father of two sons and nine daughters, all of whom (as children did in those healthy times) lived to maturity, and all but one married. John Woodburn's second wife, from whom Horace Greeley is descended, was a remarkable woman. Mr. Greeley has borne this testimony to her worth and influence, in a letter to a friend which some years ago escaped into print: "I think I am indebted for my first impulse toward intellectual acquirement and exertion to my mother's grandmother, who came out from Ireland among the first settlers in Londonderry. She must have been well versed in Irish and Scotch traditions, pretty well informed and strong-minded; and my mother being left motherless when quite young, her grandmother exerted great influence over her mental development. I was a third child, the two preceding having died young, and I presume my mother was the more attached to me on that ground, and the extreme feebleness of my constitution. My mind was early filled by her with the traditions, ballads, and snatches of history she had

learned from her grandmother, which, though conveying very distorted and incorrect ideas of history, yet served to awaken in me a thirst for knowledge and a lively interest in learning and history." John Woodburn died in 1780. Mrs. Woodburn, the subject of the passage just quoted, survived her husband many years, lived to see her children's grandchildren, and to acquire throughout the neighborhood the familiar title of "Granny Woodburn."

David Woodburn, the grandfather of Horace Greeley, was the eldest son of John Woodburn, and the inheritor of his estate. He married Margaret Clark, a granddaughter of that Mrs. Wilson, the touching story of whose deliverance from pirates was long a favorite tale at the firesides of the early settlers of New Hampshire. In 1720, a ship containing a company of Irish emigrants bound to New England was captured by pirates, and while the ship was in their possession, and the fate of the passengers still undecided, Mrs. Wilson, one of the company, gave birth to her first child. The circumstance so moved the pirate captain, who was himself a husband and a father, that he permitted the emigrants to pursue their voyage unharmed. He bestowed upon Mrs. Wilson some valuable presents, among others a silk dress, pieces of which are still preserved among her descendants; and he obtained from her a promise that she would call the infant by the name of his wife. The ship reached its destination in safety, and the day of its deliverance from the hands of the pirates was annually observed as a day of thanksgiving by the passengers for many years. Mrs. Wilson, after the death of her first husband, became the wife of James Clark, whose son John was the father of Mrs. David Woodburn, whose daughter Mary was the mother of Horace Greeley.

The descendants of John Woodburn are exceedingly numerous. and contribute largely, says Mr. Parker, the historian of Londonderry, to the hundred thousand who are supposed to have descended from the early settlers of the town. The grandson of John Woodburn, a very genial and jovial gentleman, still owns and tills the land originally granted to the family. At the old homestead, about the year 1807, Zaccheus Greeley and Mary Woodburn were married.

Zaccheus Greeley inherited nothing from his father, and Mary Woodburn received no more than the usual household portion from hers. Zaccheus, as the sons of New England farmers usually do, or did in those days, went out to work as soon as he was old enough to do a day's work. He saved his earnings, and in his twenty-fifth year was the owner of a farm in the town of Amherst, Hillsborough county, New Hampshire.

There, on the third of February, 1811, Horace Greeley, was born. He is the third of seven children, of whom the two elder died before he was born, and the four younger are still living.

The mode of his entrance upon the stage of the world was, to say the least of it, unusual. The effort was almost too much for

him, and, to use the language of one who was present, "he came into the world as black as a chimney." There were no signs of life. He uttered no cry; he made no motion; he did not breathe. But the little discolored stranger had articles to write, and was not permitted to escape his destiny. In this alarming crisis of his existence, a kind-hearted and experienced aunt came to his rescue, and by arts which to kind-hearted and experienced aunts are well known, but of which the present chronicler remains in ignorance, the boy was brought to life. He soon began to breathe; then he began to blush; and by the time he had attained the age of twenty minutes, lay on his mother's arm, a red and smiling infant.

In due time, the boy received the name of Horace. There had been another little Horace Greeley before him, but he had died in infancy, and his parents wished to preserve in their second son a living memento of their first. The name was not introduced into the family from any partiality on the part of his parents for the Roman poet, but because his father had a relative so named, and because the mother had read the name in a book and liked the sound of it. The sound of it, however, did not often regale the maternal ear; for, in New England, where the name of the courtly satirist is frequently given, its household diminutive is "Hod;" and by that elegant monosyllable the boy was commonly called among his juvenile friends.

Amherst is the county town of Hillsborough, one of the three counties of New Hampshire which are bounded on the south by the State of Massachusetts. It is forty-two miles north-west of Boston.

The village of Amherst is a pleasant place. Seen from the summit of a distant hill, it is a white dot in the middle of a level plain, encircled by cultivated and gently-sloping hills. On a nearer approach the traveler perceives that it is a cluster of white houses, looking as if they had alighted among the trees and might take to wing again. On entering it he finds himself in a very pretty village, built round an ample green and shaded by lofty trees. It contains three churches, a printing-office, a court-house, a jail, a tavern, half a dozen stores, an exceedingly minute watch-maker's shop, and a hundred private houses. There is not a human being to be seen, nor a sound to be heard, except the twittering of birds overhead, and the distant whistle of a locomotive, which in those remote regions seems to make the silence audible. The utter silence and the deserted aspect of the older villages in New England are remarkable. In the morning and evening there is some appearance of life in Amherst; but in the hours of the day when the men are at work, the women busy with their household affairs, and the children at school, the visitor may sit at the window of the village tavern for an hour at a time and not see a living creature. Occasionally a peddler, with sleigh-bells round his

horse, goes jingling by. Occasionally a farmer's wagon drives up to one of the stores. Occasionally a stage, rocking in its leather suspenders, stops at the post-office for a moment, and then rocks away again. Occasionally a doctor passes in a very antiquated gig. Occasionally a cock crows, as though he were tired of the dead silence. A New York village, a quarter the size and wealth of Amherst, makes twice its noise and bustle. Forty years ago, however, when Horace Greeley used to come to the stores there, it was a place of somewhat more importance and more business than it is now, for Manchester and Nashua have absorbed many of the little streams of traffic which used to flow towards the county town. It is a curious evidence of the stationary character of the place, that the village paper, which had fifteen hundred subscribers when Horace Greeley was three years old, and learned to read from it, has fifteen hundred subscribers, and no more, at this moment. It bears the same name it did then, is published by the same person, and adheres to the same party.

The farm owned by Zaccheus Greeley when his son Horace was born, was four or five miles from the village of Amherst. It consisted of fifty acres of land—heavy land to till—rocky, moist and uneven, worth then eight hundred dollars, now two thousand. The house, a small, unpainted, but substantial and well-built farmhouse, stood, and still stands, upon a ledge or platform, half-way up a high, steep, and rocky hill, commanding an extensive and almost panoramic view of the surrounding country. In whatever direction the boy may have looked, he saw *rock*. Rock is the feature of the landscape. There is rock in the old orchard behind the house; rocks peep out from the grass in the pastures; there is rock along the road; rock on the sides of the hills; rock on their summits; rock in the valleys; rock in the woods;—rock, rock, everywhere rock. And yet the country has not a barren look. I should call it a *serious* looking country; one that would be congenial to grim covenanters and exiled round-heads. The prevailing colors are dark, even in the brightest month of the year. The pine woods, the rock, the shade of the hill, the color of the soil, are all dark and serious. It is a still, unfrequented region. One may ride along the road upon which the house stands, for many a mile, without passing a single vehicle. The turtles hobble across the road fearless of the crushing wheel. If any one wished to know the full meaning of the word *country*, as distinguished from the word *town*, he need do no more than ascend the hill on which Horace Greeley saw the light and look around.

Yet, the voice of the city is heard even there; the opinions of the city influence there; for, observe, in the very room in which our hero was born, on a table which stands where, in other days, a bed stood, we recognize, among the heap of newspapers, the well-known heading of the WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Such was the character of the region in which Horace Greeley passed the greater part of the first seven years of his life. His father's neighbors were all hard-working farmers—men who worked their own farms—who were nearly equal in wealth, and to whom the idea of social inequality, founded upon an inequality in possessions, did not exist, even as an idea. Wealth and want were alike unknown. It was a community of plain people, who had derived all their book-knowledge from the district school, and depended upon the village newspaper for their knowledge of the world without. There were no heretics among them. All the people either cordially embraced or undoubtingly assented to the faith called Orthodox, and all of them attended, more or less regularly the churches in which that faith was expounded.

The first great peril of his existence escaped, the boy grew apace, and passed through the minor and ordinary dangers of infancy without having his equanimity seriously disturbed. He was a "quiet and peaceable child," reports his father, and, though far from robust, suffered little from actual sickness.

To say that Horace Greeley, from the earliest months of his existence, manifested signs of extraordinary intelligence, is only to repeat what every biographer asserts of his hero, and every mother of her child. Yet, common-place as it is, the truth must be told. Horace Greeley *did*, as a very young child, manifest signs of extraordinary intelligence. He took to learning with the promptitude and instinctive, irrepressible love with which a duck is said to take to the water. His first instructor was his mother; and never was there a mother better calculated to awaken the mind of a child, and keep it awake, than Mrs. Greeley.

Tall, muscular, well-formed, with the strength of a man without his coarseness, active in her habits, not only capable of hard work, but delighting in it, with a perpetual overflow of animal spirits, an exhaustless store of songs, ballads and stories, and a boundless, exuberant good will toward all living things, Mrs. Greeley was the life of the house, the favorite of the neighborhood, the natural friend and ally of children; whatever she did she did "with a will." She was a great reader, and remembered all she read. "She worked," says one of my informants, "in doors and out of doors, could out-rake any man in the town, and could *load* the hay-wagons as fast and as well as her husband. She hoed in the garden; she labored in the field; and, while doing more than the work of an ordinary man and an ordinary woman combined, would laugh and sing all day long, and tell stories all the evening."

To these *stories* the boy listened greedily, as he sat on the floor at her feet, while she spun and talked with equal energy. They "served," says Mr. Greeley, in a passage already quoted, "to awaken in me a *thirst* for knowledge, and a lively *interest* in learning and history." Think of it, you word-mongering, gerund-

grinding teachers who delight in signs and symbols, and figures and "facts," and feed little children's souls on the dry, innutritious husks of knowledge; and think of it, you play-abhorring, fiction-forbidding parents! Awaken the *interest* in learning, and the *thirst* for knowledge, and there is no predicting what may or what may not result from it. Scarcely a man, distinguished for the supremacy or the beauty of his immortal part, has written the history of his childhood without recording the fact that the celestial fire was first kindled in his soul by means similar to those which awakened an "interest in learning" and a "thirst for knowledge" in the mind of Horace Greeley.

Horace learned to read before he had learned to talk; that is, before he could pronounce the longer words. No one regularly taught him. When he was little more than two years old, he began to pore over the Bible, opened for his entertainment on the floor, and examine with curiosity the newspaper given him to play with. He cannot remember a time when he could not read, nor can any one give an account of the process by which he learned, except that he asked questions incessantly, first about the pictures in the newspaper, then about the capital letters, then about the smaller ones, and finally about the words and sentences. At three years of age he could read easily and correctly any of the books prepared for children; and at four, any book whatever. But he was not satisfied with overcoming the ordinary difficulties of reading. Allowing that nature gives to every child a certain amount of mental force to be used in acquiring the art of reading, Horace had an overplus of that force, which he employed in learning to read with his book in positions which increased the difficulty of the feat. All the friends and neighbors of his early childhood, in reporting him a prodigy unexampled, adduce as the unanswerable and clinching proof of the fact, that, at the age of four years, he could read any book in whatever position it might be placed—right-side up, up-side down, or sidewise.

His fondness for reading grew with the growth of his mind, till it amounted to a passion. His father's stock of books was small indeed. It consisted of a Bible, a "Confession of Faith," and perhaps all told, twenty volumes beside; and they by no means of a kind calculated to foster a love of reading in the mind of a little boy. But a *weekly newspaper* came to the house from the village of Amherst; and, except his mother's tales, that newspaper probably had more to do with the opening of the boy's mind and the tendency of his opinions, than anything else. The family well remember the eagerness with which he anticipated its coming. Paper-day was the brightest of the week. An hour before the post-rider was expected, Horace would walk down the road to meet him, bent on having the first *read*; and when he had got possession of the precious sheet, he would hurry with it to some secluded place, lie down on the grass, and greedily devour

its contents. The paper was called (and is still) the *Farmer's Cabinet*. It was mildly Whig in politics. The selections were religious, agricultural and miscellaneous; the editorials few, brief, and amiable; its summary of news scanty in the extreme. But it was the *only* bearer of tidings from the Great World. It connected the little brown house on the rocky hill of Amherst with the general life of mankind. The boy, before he could read himself, and before he could understand the meaning of war and bloodshed, doubtless heard his father read in it of the triumphs and disasters of the Second War with Great Britain, and of the rejoicings at the conclusion of peace. He himself may have read of Decatur's gallantry in the war with Algiers, of Wellington's victory at Waterloo, of Napoleon's fretting away his life on the rock of St. Helena, of Monroe's inauguration, of the dismantling of the fleets on the great lakes, of the progress of the Erie Canal project, of Jackson's inroads into Florida, and the subsequent cession of that province to the United States, of the first meeting of Congress in the Capitol, of the passage of the Missouri Compromise. During the progress of the various commercial treaties with the States of Europe, which were negotiated after the conclusion of the general peace, the whole theory, practice, and history of commercial intercourse, were amply discussed in Congress and the newspapers; and the mind of Horace, even in his ninth year, was mature enough to take some interest in the subject, and derive some impressions from its discussion. The *Farmer's Cabinet*, which brought all these and countless other ideas and events to bear on the education of the boy, is now one of the thousand papers with which the *Tribune* exchanges.

So entire and passionate a devotion to the acquisition of knowledge in one so young, would be remarkable in any circumstances. But when the situation of the boy is considered—living in a remote and *very* rural district—few books accessible—few literary persons residing near—the school contributing scarcely anything to his mental nourishment—no other boy in the neighborhood manifesting any particular interest in learning—the people about him all engaged in a rude and hard struggle to extract the means of subsistence from a rough and rocky soil—such an intense, absorbing, and persistent love of knowledge as that exhibited by Horace Greeley, must be accounted very extraordinary.

That his neighbors so accounted it, they are still eager to attest. Continually the wonder grew, that one small head should carry all he knew.

But while thus Horace was growing up to meet his destiny, pressing forward on the rural road to learning, and *secreting* character in that secluded home, a cloud, undiscerned by him, had come over his father's prospects. It began to gather when the boy was little more than six years old. In his seventh year it broke, and drove the family, for a time, from house and land. In

his tenth, it had completed its work—his father was a ruined man, an exile, a fugitive from his native State.

The way to thrive in New Hampshire was to work very hard, keep the store-bill small, stick to the farm, and be no man's security. Of these four things, Horace's father did only one—he worked hard. He was a good workman, methodical, skillful, and persevering. But he speculated in lumber, and lost money by it. He was "bound," as they say in the country, for another man, and had to pay the money which that other man failed to pay. He had a free and generous nature, lived well, treated the men whom he employed liberally, and in various ways swelled his account with the storekeeper.

Those, too, were the jolly, bad days, when everybody drank strong drinks, and no one supposed that the affairs of life could possibly be transacted without its agency, any more than a machine could go without the lubricating oil. A field could not be "logged," hay could not be got in, a harvest could not be gathered, unless the jug of liquor stood by the spring, and unless the spring was visited many times in the day by all hands. No visitor could be sent unmoistened away. No holiday could be celebrated without drinking booths. At weddings, at christenings, at funerals, rum seemed to be the inducement that brought, and the tie that bound, the company together. It was rum that cemented friendship, and rum that clinched bargains; rum that kept out the cold of winter, and rum that moderated the summer's heat. Men drank it, women drank it, children drank it. There were families in which the first duty of every morning was to serve around to all its members, even to the youngest child, a certain portion of alcoholic liquor. Rum had to be bought with money, and money was hard to get in New Hampshire. Zaccheus Greeley was not the man to stint his workmen. At his house and on his farm the jug was never empty. In his cellar the cider never was out. And so, by losses which he could not help, by practices which had not yet been discovered to be unnecessary, his affairs became disordered, and he began to descend the easy steep that leads to the abyss of bankruptcy. He *arrived*—lingered a few years on the edge—was pushed in—and scrambled out on the other side.

It was on a Monday morning. There had been a long, fierce rain, and the clouds still hung heavy and dark over the hills. Horace, then only nine years old, on coming down stairs in the morning, saw several men about the house; neighbors some of them; others were strangers; others he had seen in the village. He was too young to know the nature of an *Execution*, and by what right the sheriff and a party of men laid hands upon his father's property. His father had walked quietly off into the woods; for, at that period, a man's person was not exempt from seizure. Horace had a vague idea that the men had come to rob them of all they possessed; and wild stories are afloat in the

neighborhood, of the boy's conduct on the occasion. Some say, that he seized a hatchet, ran to the neighboring field, and began furiously to cut down a favorite pear-tree, saying, "They shall not have *that*, anyhow." But his mother called him off, and the pear-tree still stands. Another story is, that he went to one of his mother's closets, and taking as many of her dresses as he could grasp in his arms, ran away with them into the woods, hid them behind a rock, and then came back to the house for more. Others assert, that the article carried off by the indignant boy was not dresses, but a gallon of rum. But whatever the boy did, or left undone, the reader may imagine that it was to all the family a day of confusion, anguish and horror. Both of Horace's parents were persons of incorruptible honesty; they had striven hard to place such a calamity as this far from their house; they had never experienced themselves, nor witnessed at their earlier homes, a similar scene; the blow was unexpected; and mingled with their sense of shame at being publicly degraded, was a feeling of honest rage at the supposed injustice of so summary a proceeding.

A little legal maneuvering or rascality on the part of a creditor, gave the finishing blow to his fortunes; and, in the winter of 1821, he gave up the effort to recover himself, became a bankrupt, was sold out of house, land and household goods by the sheriff, and fled from the State to avoid arrest, leaving his family behind. Horace was nearly ten years old. Some of the debts then left unpaid, he discharged in part thirty years after.

Mr. Greeley had to begin the world anew, and the world was all before him, where to choose, excepting only that portion of it which is included within the boundaries of New Hampshire. He made his way, after some wandering, to the town of Westhaven, in Rutland county, Vermont, about a hundred and twenty miles northwest of his former residence. There he found a large landed proprietor, who had made one fortune in Boston as a merchant, and married another in Westhaven, the latter consisting of an extensive tract of land. He had now retired from business, had set up for a country gentleman, was clearing his lands, and when they were cleared he rented them out in farms. This attempt to "found an estate," in the European style, signally failed. The "mansion house" has been disseminated over the neighborhood, one wing here, another wing there; the "lawn" is untrimmed; the attempt at a park gate has lost enough of the paint that made it tawdry once, to look shabby now. But this gentleman was useful to Zaccheus Greeley in the day of his poverty. He gave him work, rented him a small house nearly opposite the park gate just mentioned, and thus enabled him in a few weeks to transport his family to a new home.

The family were gainers in some important particulars, by their change of residence. The land was better. The settlement was

more recent. There was a better chance for a poor man to acquire property. And what is well worth mention for its effect upon the opening mind of Horace, the scenery was grander and more various. That part of Rutland county is in nature's large manner. Long ranges of hills, with bases not too steep for cultivation, but rising into lofty, precipitous and fantastic summits, stretch away in every direction. The low-lands are level and fertile. Brooks and rivers come out from among the hills, where they have been officiating as water-power, and flow down through valleys that open and expand to receive them, fertilizing the soil. Roaming among these hills, the boy must have come frequently upon little lakes locked in on every side, without apparent outlet or inlet, as smooth as a mirror, as silent as the grave. Six miles from his father's house was the great Lake Champlain. He could not see it from his father's door, but he could see the blue mist that rose from its surface every morning and evening, and hung over it a cloud veiling a mystery. And he could see the long line of green knoll-like hills that formed its opposite shore. And he could go down on Sundays to the shore itself, and stand in the immediate presence of the lake. Nor is it a slight thing for a boy to see a great natural object which he has been learning about in his school books; nor is it an unimportant circumstance for him to live where he can see it frequently. It was a superb country for a boy to grow up in, whether his tendencies were industrial, or sportive, or artistic, or poetical. There was rough work enough to do on the land. Fish were abundant in the lakes and streams. Game abounded in the woods. Wild grapes and wild honey were to be had for the search after them. Much of the surrounding scenery is sublime, and what is not sublime is beautiful. Moreover, Lake Champlain is a stage on the route of northern and southern travel, and living upon its shores brought the boy nearer to that world in which he was destined to move, and which he had to know before he could work in it to advantage. At Westhaven, Horace passed the next five years of his life. He was now rather tall for his age; his mind was far in advance of it. Many of the opinions for which he has since done battle were distinctly formed during that important period of his life to which the present chapter is devoted.

At Westhaven, Mr. Greeley, as they say in the country, "took jobs;" and the jobs which he took were of various kinds. He would contract to get in a harvest, to prepare the ground for a new one, to "tend" a saw-mill; but his principal employment was clearing up land; that is, piling up and burning the trees after they had been felled. After a time he kept sheep and cattle. In most of his undertakings he prospered. By incessant labor and by reducing his expenditures to the lowest possible point, he saved money, slowly but continuously.

In whatever he engaged, whether it was haying, harvesting, sawing, or land-clearing, he was assisted by all his family. There was little work to do at home, and after breakfast, the house was left to take care of itself, and away went the family, father, mother, boys, girls and oxen, to work together. Clearing land offers an excellent field for family labor, as it affords work adapted to all degrees of strength. The father chopped the larger logs, and directed the labor of all the company. Horace drove the oxen, and drove them none too well, say the neighbors, and was gradually supplanted in the office of driver by his younger brother. Both the boys could chop the smaller trees. Their mother and sisters gathered together the light wood into heaps. And when the great logs had to be rolled upon one another, there was scope for the combined skill and strength of the whole party. Many happy and merry days the family spent together in this employment. The mother's spirit never flagged. Her voice rose in song and laughter from the tangled brush-wood in which she was often buried; and no word, discordant or unkind, was ever known to break the perfect harmony, to interrupt the perfect good humor that prevailed in the family. At night they went home to the most primitive of suppers, and partook of it in the picturesque and labor-saving style in which the dinner before alluded to was consumed. The neighbors still point out a tract of fifty acres which was cleared in this sportive and Swiss-Family-Robinson-like manner. They show the spring on the side of the road where the family used to stop and drink on their way; and they show a hemlock-tree, growing from the rocks above the spring, which used to furnish the brooms, weekly renewed, which swept the little house in which the little family lived. To complete the picture, imagine them all clad in the same material, the coarsest kind of linen or linen-woolsey, home-spun, dyed with butternut bark, and the different garments made in the roughest and simplest manner by the mother.

More than three garments at the same time, Horace seldom wore in the summer, and these were—a straw hat, generally in a state of dilapidation, a tow-shirt, never buttoned, a pair of trousers made of the family material, and having the peculiarity of being very short in both legs, but shorter in one than the other. In the winter he added a pair of shoes and a jacket. During the five years of his life at Westhaven, probably his clothes did not cost three dollars a year; and, I believe, that during the whole period of his childhood, up to the time when he came of age, not fifty dollars in all were expended upon his dress. He never manifested, on any occasion, in any company, nor at any part of his early life, the *slightest* interest in his attire, nor the *least* care for its effect upon others. That amiable trait in human nature which inclines us to decoration, which makes us desirous to present an agreeable figure to others, and to abhor peculiarity in our appear-

ance, is a trait which Horace never gave the smallest evidence of possessing.

People in those days had a high respect for the presidential office, and really believed—many of them did—that to get the highest place it was only necessary to be the greatest man.

A story is told by one who lived at the "mansion-house" when Horace used to read there. Horace entered the library one day, when the master of the house happened to be present, in conversation with a stranger. The stranger, struck with the awkwardness and singular appearance of the boy, took him for little better than an idiot, and was inclined to laugh at the idea of lending books to "such a fellow as *that*." The owner of the mansion defended his conduct by extolling the intelligence of his protege, and wound up with the usual climax, that he should "not be surprised, sir, if that boy should come to be President of the United States."

Horace's last year in Westhaven (1825) wore slowly away. He had exhausted the schools; he was impatient to be at the types, and he wearied his father with importunities to get him a place in a printing-office. But his father was loth to let him go, for two reasons; the boy was useful at home, and the cautious father feared he would not do well away from home; he was so gentle, so absent, so awkward, so little calculated to make his way with strangers. One day the boy saw in the "Northern Spectator," a weekly paper, published at East Poultney, eleven miles distant, an advertisement for an apprentice in the office of the "Spectator" itself. He showed it to his father, and wrung from him a reluctant consent to his applying for the place. "I have'n't got time to go and see about it, Horace; but if you have a mind to walk over to Poultney and see what you can do, why you may."

Horace *had* a mind to.

It was a fine spring morning in the year 1826, about ten o'clock, when Mr. Amos Bliss, the manager, and one of the proprietors, of the Northern Spectator, "might have been seen" in the garden behind his house planting potatoes. He heard the gate open behind him, and, without turning or looking round, became dimly conscious of the presence of a boy. But the boys of country villages go into whosoever garden their wandering fancy impels them, and supposing this boy to be one of his own neighbors, Mr. Bliss continued his work and quickly forgot that he was not alone. In a few minutes, he heard a voice close behind him, a strange voice, high-pitched and whining.

It said, "Are you the man that carries on the printing office?"

Mr. Bliss then turned, and resting upon his hoe, surveyed the person who had thus addressed him. He saw standing before him a boy apparently about fifteen years of age, of a light, tall, and slender form, dressed in the plain, farmer's cloth of the time, his garments cut with an utter disregard of elegance and fit. His

trowsers were exceedingly short and voluminous; he wore no stockings; his shoes were of the kind denominated "high-lows," and much worn down; his hat was of felt, "one of the old stamp, with so small a brim that it looked more like a two-quart measure inverted than anything else;" and it was worn far back on his head; his hair was white, with a tinge of orange at its extremities, and it lay thinly upon a broad forehead and over a head "rocking on shoulders which seemed too slender to support the weight of a member so disproportioned to the general outline." The general effect of the figure and its costume was so awkward they presented such a combination of the rustic and ludicrous, and the apparition had come upon him so suddenly, that the amiable gardener could scarcely keep from laughing.

He restrained himself, however, and replied, "Yes, I'm the man."

Whereupon the stranger asked, "Don't you want a boy to learn the trade?"

"Well," said Mr. Bliss, "we have been thinking of it. Do *you* want to learn to print?"

"I've had some notion of it," said the boy in true Yankee fashion, as though he had not been dreaming about it, and longing for it for years.

Mr. Bliss was both astonished and puzzled—astonished that such a fellow as the boy *looked* to be, should have ever thought of learning to print, and puzzled how to convey to him an idea of the absurdity of the notion. So, with an expression in his countenance, such as that of a tender-hearted dry-goods merchant might be supposed to assume if a hod-carrier should apply for a place in the lace department, he said, "Well, my boy—but, you know, it takes considerable learning to be a printer. Have you been to school much?"

"No," said the boy, "I have'nt had much chance at school. I've read some."

"What have you read?" asked Mr. Bliss.

"Well, I've read some history, and some travels, and a little of most everything."

"Where do you live?"

"At Westhaven."

"How did you come over?"

"I came on foot."

"What's your name?"

"Horace Greeley."

Now it happened that Mr. Amos Bliss had been for the last three years an Inspector of Common Schools, and in fulfilling the duties of his office—examining and licensing teachers—he had acquired an uncommon facility in asking questions, and a fondness for that exercise which men generally entertain for any employment in which they suppose themselves to excel. The youth

before him was—in the language of medical students—a “fresh subject,” and the inspector proceeded to try all his skill upon him, advancing from easy questions to hard ones, up to those knotty problems with which he had been wont to “stump” candidates for the office of teacher. The boy was a match for him. He answered every question promptly, clearly and modestly. He could not be “stumped” in the ordinary school studies, and of the books he had read he could give a correct and complete analysis. In Mr. Bliss’s own account of the interview, he says, “On entering into conversation, and a partial examination of the qualifications of my new applicant, it required but little time to discover that he possessed a mind of no common order, and an acquired intelligence far beyond his years. He had had but little opportunity at the common school, but he said “he had read some,” and what he had read he well understood and remembered. In addition to the ripe intelligence manifested in one so young, and whose instruction had been so limited, there was a single-mindedness, a truthfulness and common sense in what he said, that at once commanded my regard.”

After half an hour’s conversation with the boy, Mr. Bliss intimated that he thought he would do, and told him to go into the printing-office and talk to the foreman. Horace went to the printing-office, and there his appearance produced an effect on the tender minds of the three apprentices who were at work therein which can be much better imagined than described, and which is most vividly remembered by the two who survive. To the foreman Horace addressed himself, regardless certainly, oblivious probably, of the stare and the remarks of the boys. The foreman, at first, was inclined to wonder that Mr. Bliss should, for one moment, think it possible that a boy got up in that style could perform the most ordinary duties of a printer’s apprentice. Ten minutes’ talk with him, however, effected a partial revolution in his mind in the boy’s favor, and as he was greatly in want of another apprentice, he was not inclined to be over particular. He tore off a slip of proof paper, wrote a few words upon it hastily with a pencil, and told the boy to take it to Mr. Bliss. That piece of paper was his fate. The words were: “*Guess we’d better try him.*” Away went Horace to the garden, and presented his paper. Mr. Bliss, whose curiosity had been excited to a high pitch by the extraordinary contrast between the appearance of the boy and his real quality, now entered into a long conversation with him, questioned him respecting his history, his past employments, his parents, their circumstances, his own intentions and wishes; and the longer he talked, the more his admiration grew. The result was, that he agreed to accept Horace as an apprentice, provided his father would agree to the usual terms; and then with eager steps, and a light heart, the happy boy took the dusty road that led to his home in Westhaven.

"You're not going to hire that tow-head, Mr. Bliss, are you?" asked one of the apprentices at the close of the day. "I am," was the reply, "and if you boys expect to get any fun out of him, you'd better get it quick, or you'll be too late. There's something *in* that tow-head, as you'll find out before you're a week older."

A day or two after, Horace packed up his wardrobe in a small cotton handkerchief. Small as it was, it would have held more; for its proprietor never had more than two shirts, and one change of outer-clothing, at the same time, till he was of age. Father and son walked, side by side, to Poultney, the boy carrying his possessions upon a stick over his shoulder.

At Poultney, an unexpected difficulty arose, which for a time made Horace tremble in his high-low shoes. The terms proposed by Mr. Bliss were, that the boy should be bound for five years, and receive his board and twenty dollars a year. Now Mr. Greeley had ideas of his own on the subject of apprenticeship, and he objected to the proposal, and to every particular of it. In the first place, he had determined that no child of his should ever be bound at all. In the second place, he thought five years an unreasonable time; thirdly, he considered that twenty dollars a year and board was a compensation ridiculously disproportionate to the services which Horace would be required to render; and finally, on each and all of these points, he clung to his opinion with the tenacity of a Greeley.

Mr. Bliss appealed to the established custom of the country; five years was the usual period; the compensation offered was the regular thing; the binding was a point essential to the employer's interest. And at every pause in the conversation, the appealing voice of Horace was heard: "Father, I *guess* you'd better make a bargain with Mr. Bliss;" or, "Father, I guess it won't make much difference;" or, "Don't you think you'd better do it, father?" At one moment the boy was reduced to despair. Mr. Bliss had given it as his ultimatum that the proposed binding was absolutely indispensable; he "could do business in no other way." "Well, then, Horace," said the father, "let us go home." The father turned to go; but Horace lingered; he could not give it up; and so the father turned again; the negotiation was re-opened, and after a prolonged discussion, a compromise was effected. What the terms were that were finally agreed to I cannot positively state, for the three memories which I have consulted upon the subject give three different replies. Probably, however, they were—no binding, and no money for six months; then the boy could, if he chose, bind himself for the remainder of the five years, at forty dollars a year, the apprentice to be boarded from the beginning. And so the father went home, and the son went straight to the printing-office and took his first lesson in the art of setting type.

During the four years that Horace lived at East Poultney, he boarded for some time at the tavern, which still affords entertainment for man and beast—*i. e.* peddler and horse—in that village. It was kept by an estimable couple, who became exceedingly attached to their singular guest, and he to them. Their recollections of him are to the following effect:—Horace at that time ate and drank whatever was placed before him; he was rather fond of good living, ate furiously, and fast, and much. He was very fond of coffee, but cared little for tea. Every one drank in those days, and there was a great deal of drinking at the tavern, but Horace never could be tempted to taste a drop of anything intoxicating. “I always,” said the kind landlady, “took a great interest in young people, and when I saw they were going wrong, it used to distress me, no matter whom they belonged to; but I never feared for Horace. Whatever might be going on about the village or in the bar-room, I always knew *he* would do right.” He stood on no ceremony at the table; he *fell to* without waiting to be asked or helped, devoured everything right and left, stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and vanished instantly. One day, as Horace was stretching his long arm over to the other side of the table in quest of a distant dish, the servant, wishing to hint to him, in a jocular manner, that that was not exactly the most proper way of proceeding, said, “Don’t trouble yourself, Horace, *I* want to help you to that dish, for, you know, I have a *particular* regard for you.” He blushed, as only a boy with a very white face can blush, and, thenceforth, was less adventurous in exploring the remoter portions of the table-cloth. When any topic of interest was started at the table, he joined in it with the utmost confidence, and maintained his opinion against anybody, talking with great vivacity, and never angrily. He came, at length, to be regarded as a sort of Town Encyclopædia, and if anybody wanted to know anything, he went, as a matter of course, to Horace Greeley; and, if a dispute arose between two individuals, respecting a point of history, or politics, or science, they referred it to Horace Greeley; and whomsoever *he* declared to be right, was confessed to be the victor in the controversy. Horace never went to a tea-drinking or a party of any kind, never went on an excursion, never slept away from home or was absent from one meal during the period of his residence at the tavern, except when he went to visit his parents. He seldom went to church, but spent the Sunday, usually, in reading. He was a stanch Universalist, a stanch whig, a pre-eminently stanch anti-Mason. Thus, the landlord and landlady.

One evening in November, when business was urgent, and all the men worked till late in the evening, Horace, instead of returning immediately after tea, as his custom was, was absent from the office for two hours. Between eight and nine, when by chance all the men were gathered about the “composing stone,” upon

which a strong light was thrown, a strange figure entered the office, a tall gentleman, dressed in a complete suit of faded broad-cloth, and a shabby, over-brushed beaver hat, from beneath which depended long and snowy locks. The garments were fashionably cut; the coat was in the style of a swallow's tail; the figure was precisely that of an old gentleman who had seen better days. It advanced from the darker parts of the office, and emerged slowly into the glare around the composing stone. The men looked inquiringly. The figure spread out its hands, looked down at its habiliments with an air of infinite complacency, and said,—

"Well, boys, and how do you like me now?"

"Why, it's Greeley!" screamed one of the men.

It *was* Greeley, metamorphosed into a decayed gentleman by a second-hand suit of black, bought of a Chatham-street Jew for five dollars.

A shout arose, such as had never before been heard at staid and regular 85 Chatham-street. Cheer upon cheer was given, and men laughed till the tears came, the venerable gentleman being as happy as the happiest.

"Greeley, you must treat upon *that* suit, and no mistake," said one.

"Oh, of course," said everybody else.

"Come along, boys; I'll treat," was Horace's ready response.

All the company repaired to the old grocery on the corner of Deane-street, and there each individual partook of the beverage that pleased him, the treater indulging in a glass of spruce beer. Posterity may as well know, and take warning from the fact, that this five-dollar suit was a failure. It had been worn thin, and had been washed in blackened water and ironed smooth. A week's wear brought out all its pristine shabbiness, and developed new.

Much of this is curiously confirmed by a story often told in convivial moments by a distinguished physician of New York, who on one occasion chanced to witness at the Poultney tavern the exploits, gastronomic and encyclopædic, to which allusion has just been made. "Did I ever tell you," he is wont to begin, "how and where I first saw my friend Horace Greeley?" Well, thus it happened. It was one of the proudest and happiest days of my life. I was a country boy then, a farmer's son, and we lived a few miles from East Poultney. On the day in question I was sent by my father to sell a load of potatoes at the store in East Poultney, and bring back various commodities in exchange. Now this was the first time, you must know, that I had ever been entrusted with so important an errand. I had been to the village with my father often enough, but now I was to go alone, and I felt as proud and independent as a midshipman the first time he goes ashore in command of a boat. Big with the fate of twenty bushels of potatoes, off I drove—reached the village—sold out my load, drove round to the tavern—put up my horses, and went in to dinner. This going to the tavern on my own account, all by myself, and

paying my own bill, was, I thought, the crowning glory of the whole adventure.

There were a good many people at dinner, the sheriff of the county and an ex-member of Congress among them, and I felt considerably abashed at first; but I had scarcely begun to eat, when my eyes fell upon an object so singular that I could do little else than stare at it all the while it remained in the room. It was a tall, pale, white-haired, *gawky* boy, seated at the further end of the table. He was in his shirt-sleeves, and he was eating with a rapidity and awkwardness that I never saw equaled before nor since. It seemed as if he was eating for a wager, and had gone in to win. He neither looked up nor round, nor appeared to pay the least attention to the conversation. My first thought was, "This is a pretty sort of a tavern to let such a fellow as that sit at the same table with all these gentlemen; he ought to come in with the hostler." I thought it strange, too, that no one seemed to notice him, and I supposed he owed his continuance at the table to that circumstance alone. And so I sat, eating little myself, and occupied in watching the wonderful performance of this wonderful youth. At length the conversation at the table became quite animated, turning upon some measure of an early Congress; and a question arose how certain members had voted on its final passage. There was a difference of opinion; and the sheriff, a very finely-dressed personage, I thought, to my boundless astonishment, referred the matter to the unaccountable boy, saying, "Ain't that right, Greeley?" "No," said the unaccountable, without looking up, "you're wrong." "There," said the ex-member, "I told you so." "And you're wrong, too," said the still-devouring mystery. Then he laid down his knife and fork, and gave the history of the measure, explained the state of parties at the time, stated the vote in dispute, named the leading advocates and opponents of the bill, and, in short, gave a complete exposition of the whole matter. I listened and wondered; but what surprised me most was, that the company received his statement as pure gospel, and as settling the question beyond dispute—as a dictionary settles a dispute respecting the spelling of a word. A minute after, the boy left the dining-room, and I never saw him again, till I met him, years after, in the streets of New York, when I claimed acquaintance with him as a brother Vermonter, and told him this story, to his great amusement.

He finished his apprenticeship an uncontaminated young man, with the means of independence at his fingers' end, ashamed of no honest employment—no decent habitation—no cleanly garb.

"Well, Horace, and where are you going now?" asked the kind landlady of the tavern, as Horace, a few days after the closing of the printing-office, appeared on the piazza, equipped for the road—*i. e.*, with his jacket on, and with his bundle and stick in his hand.

"I am going," was the prompt and sprightly answer, "to Pennsylvania, to see my father."

With these words, Horace laid down the bundle and the stick, and took a seat for the last time on that piazza, the scene of many a peaceful triumph, where, as Political Gazetteer, he had often given the information that he alone, of all the town, could give; where, as political partisan, he had often brought an antagonist to extremities; where, as oddity, he had often fixed the gaze and twisted the neck of the passing peddler.

And was there no demonstration of feeling at the departure of so distinguished a personage? There was. But it did not take the form of a silver dinner-service, nor of a gold tea ditto, nor of a piece of plate, nor even of a gold pen, nor yet of a series of resolutions. While Horace sat on the piazza, talking with his old friends, who gathered around him, a meeting of two individuals was held in the corner of the bar-room. They were the landlord and one of his boarders; and the subject of their deliberations were, an old brown overcoat belonging to the latter. The landlord had the floor, and his speech was to the following purport:—"He felt like doing something for Horace before he went. Horace was an entirely unspeakable person. He had lived a long time in the house; he had never given any trouble, and we feel for him as for our own son. Now, there is that brown over-coat of yours. It's cold on the canal, all the summer, in the mornings and evenings. Horace is poor and his father is poor. You are owing me a little, as much as the old coat is worth, and what I say is, let us give the poor fellow the overcoat, and call our account squared." This feeling oration was received with every demonstration of approval, and the proposition was carried into effect forthwith. The landlady gave him a pocket Bible. In a few minutes more, Horace rose, put his stick through his little red bundle, and both over his shoulder, took the overcoat upon his other arm, said "Good-by," to his friends, promised to write as soon as he was settled again, and set off upon his long journey. His good friends of the tavern followed him with their eyes, until a turn of the road hid the bent and shambling figure from their sight, and then they turned away to praise him and to wish him well. Thirty years have passed; and, to this hour, they do not tell the tale of his departure without a certain swelling of the heart, without a certain glistening of the softer pair of eyes.

Horace staid at home for several weeks, assisting his father, fishing occasionally and otherwise amusing himself; and then one morning, he walked over to Jamestown, a town twenty miles distant, where a newspaper was struggling to get published, and applied for work. Work he obtained. It was very freely given; but at the end of the week the workman received a promise to pay, but no payment. He waited and worked four days longer, and discovering by that time that there really was no money to be had

or hoped for in Jamestown, he walked home again, as poor as before.

He remained at home a few days, and then set out again on his travels in search of some one who could pay him wages for his work. He took a "bee line" through the woods for the town of Erie, thirty miles off, on the shores of the great lake. He had exhausted the smaller towns; Erie was the last possible move in *that* corner of the board; and upon Erie he fixed his hopes. There were two printing-offices, at that time, in the place. It was a town of five thousand inhabitants, and of extensive lake and inland trade.

The gentleman still lives who saw the weary pedestrian enter Erie, attired in the homespun, abbreviated and stockingless style with which the reader is already acquainted. His old black felt hat slouched down over his shoulders in the old fashion. The red cotton handkerchief still contained his wardrobe, and it was carried on the same old stick. The country frequenters of Erie were then, and are still, particularly rustic in appearance; but our hero seemed the very embodiment and incarnation of the rustic principle; and among the crowd of Pennsylvania farmers that thronged the streets, he swung along, pre-eminent and peculiar, a marked person, the observed of all observers. He, as was his wont, observed nobody, but went at once to the office of the Erie Gazette, a weekly paper, published then and still by Joseph M. Sterrett.

"I was not," Judge Sterrett is accustomed to relate, "I was not in the printing office when he arrived. I came in, soon after, and saw him sitting at the table reading the newspapers, and so absorbed in them that he paid no attention to my entrance. My first feeling was one of astonishment, that a fellow so singularly "green" in his appearance should be *reading*, and above all, reading so intently. I looked at him for a few moments, and then, finding that he made no movement towards acquainting me with his business, I took up my composing stick and went to work. He continued to read for twenty minutes, or more; when he got up, and coming close to my case, asked, in his peculiar, whining voice.

"Do you want any help in the printing business?"

"Why," said I, running my eye involuntarily up and down the extraordinary figure, "did *you* ever work at the trade?"

"Yes," was the reply; "I worked *some* at it in an office in Vermont, and I should be willing to work under instruction, if you could give me a job."

Now Mr. Sterrett did want help in the printing business, and could have given him a job; but, unluckily, he misinterpreted this modest reply. He at once concluded that the timid applicant was a runaway apprentice; and runaway apprentices are a class of their fellow-creatures to whom employers cherish a common

and decided aversion. Without communicating his suspicions, he merely said that he had no occasion for further assistance, and Horace, without a word, left the apartment.

A similar reception and the same result awaited him at the other office; and so the poor wanderer trudged home again, not in the best spirits.

"Two or three weeks after this interview," continues Judge Sterrett—he *is* a judge, I saw him on the bench—"an acquaintance of mine, a farmer, called at the office, and inquired if I wanted a journeyman. I did. He said a neighbor of his had a son who learned the printing business somewhere Down East, and wanted a place. "What sort of a looking fellow is he?" said I. He described him, and I knew at once that he was my supposed runaway apprentice. My friend, the farmer, gave him a high character, however; so I said, "Send him along," and a day or two after along he came."

The terms on which Horace Greeley entered the office of the Erie Gazette were of his own naming, and therefore peculiar. He would do the best he could, he said, and Mr. Sterrett might pay him what he (Mr. Sterrett) thought he had earned. He had only one request to make, and that was, that he should not be required to work at the press, unless the office was so much hurried that his services in that department could not be dispensed with.

In a few days, the new comer was in high favor at the office of the Erie Gazette. He is remembered there as a remarkably correct and reliable compositor, though not a rapid one, and his steady devotion to his work enabled him to accomplish more than faster workmen. He was soon placed by his employer on the footing of a regular journeyman, at the usual wages, twelve dollars a month and board. All the intervals of labor he spent in reading. As soon as the hour of cessation arrived, he would hurry off his apron, wash his hands, and lose himself in his book or his newspapers, often forgetting his dinner, and often forgetting whether he had had his dinner or not. More and more, he became absorbed in politics. It is said, by one who worked beside him at Erie, that he could tell the name, post office address, and something of the history and political leanings, of every member of Congress; and that he could give the particulars of every important election that had occurred within his recollection, even, in some instances, to the county majorities.

At the end of the seventh month, the man whose sickness had made a temporary vacancy in the office of the Gazette, returned to his place, and there was, in consequence, no more work for Horace Greeley. Upon the settlement of his account, it appeared that he had drawn, for his personal expenses during his residence at Erie, the sum of *six dollars!* Of the remainder of his wages, he took about fifteen dollars in money, and the rest in a form of a note; and with all this wealth in his pocket, he walked once more

to his father's house. This note the generous fellow gave to his father, reserving the money to carry on his own personal warfare with the world.

And now, Horace was tired of dallying with fortune in country printing offices. He said he thought it was time to *do* something, and he formed the bold resolution of going straight to New York and seeking his fortune in the metropolis. After a few days of recreation at home, he tied up his bundle once more, put his money in his pocket, and plunged into the woods in the direction of the Erie canal.

He took the canal boat at Buffalo and came as far as Lockport, whence he walked a few miles to Gaines, and staid a day at the house of a friend whom he had known in Vermont. Next morning he walked back, accompanied by his friend, to the canal, and both of them waited many hours for an eastward-bound boat to pass. Night came, but no boat, and the adventurer persuaded his friend to go home, and set out himself to walk on the tow-path towards Albion. It was a very dark night. He walked slowly on, hour after hour, looking anxiously behind him for the expected boat, looking more anxiously before him to discern the two fiery eyes of the boats bound to the west in time to avoid being swept into the canal by the tow-line. Towards morning, a boat of the slower sort, a scow probably, overtook him; he went on board, and tired with his long walk, lay down in the cabin to rest. Sleep was tardy in alighting upon his eye-lids, and he had the pleasure of hearing his merits and his costume fully and freely discussed by his fellow passengers. It was Monday morning. One passenger explained the coming on board of the stranger at so unusual an hour, by suggesting that he had been *courting* all night. (Sunday evening in country places is sacred to love). His appearance was so exceedingly unlike that of a lover, that this sally created much amusement, in which the wakeful traveler shared. At Rochester he took a faster boat. Wednesday night he reached Schenectady; left the canal and walked to Albany, as the canal between those two towns is much obstructed by locks. He reached Albany on Thursday morning, just in time to see the seven o'clock steam-boat move out into the stream. He, therefore, took passage in a tow-boat which started at ten o'clock on the same morning. At sunrise on Friday, the 18th of August, 1831, Horace Greeley landed at Whitehall, close to the Battery, in the city of New York.

Of solid cash, his stock was ten dollars. His other property consisted of the clothes he wore, the clothes he carried in his small bundle, and the stick with which he carried it. The clothes he wore need not be described; they were those which had already astonished the people of Erie. The clothes he carried were very few, and precisely similar in cut and quality to the garments which he exhibited to the public. On the violent supposition that his wardrobe could in any case have become a salable commodity, we

may compute that he was worth, on this Friday morning at sunrise, ten dollars and seventy-five cents. He had no friend, no acquaintance here. There was not a human being upon whom he had any claim for help or advice. His appearance was all against him. He looked in his round jacket like an overgrown boy. No one was likely to observe the engaging beauty of his face, or the noble round of his brow under that overhanging hat, over that long and stooping body. He was somewhat timorous in his intercourse with strangers. He would not intrude upon their attention; he had not the faculty of pushing his way, and proclaiming his merits and his desires. To the arts by which men are conciliated, by which unwilling ears are forced to attend to an unwelcome tale, he was utterly a stranger. Moreover, he had neglected to bring with him any letters of recommendation, or any certificate of his skill as a printer. It had not occurred to him that anything of the kind was necessary, so unacquainted was he with the life of cities.

His first employment was to find a boarding-house where he could live a long time on a small sum. Leaving the green Battery on his left hand, he strolled off into Broad street, and at the corner of that street and Wall discovered a house that in his eyes had the aspect of a cheap tavern. He entered the bar-room, and asked the price of board.

"I guess we're too high for you," said the bar-keeper, after bestowing one glance upon the inquirer.

"Well, how much a week do you charge?"

"Six dollars."

"Yes, that's more than I can afford," said Horace with a laugh at the enormous mistake he had made in inquiring at a house of such pretensions.

He turned up Wall street, and sauntered into Broadway. Seeing no house of entertainment that seemed at all suited to his circumstances, he sought the water once more, and wandered along the wharves of the North River as far as Washington market. Boarding-houses of the cheapest kind, and drinking-houses of the lowest grade, the former frequented chiefly by emigrants, the latter by sailors, were numerous enough in that neighborhood. A house, which combined the low groggery and the cheap boarding-house in one small establishment, kept by an Irishman named M'Gorlick, chanced to be the one that first attracted the rover's attention. It looked so mean and squalid, that he was tempted to enter, and again inquire for what sum a man could buy a week's shelter and sustenance.

"Twenty shillings," was the landlord's reply.

"Ah," said Horace, "that sounds more like it."

He engaged to board with Mr. M'Gorlick on the instant, and proceeded soon to test the quality of his fare by taking breakfast

in the bosom of his family. The cheapness of the entertainment was its best recommendation.

After breakfast Horace performed an act which I believe he had never spontaneously performed before. He bought some clothes, with a view to render himself more presentable. They were of the commonest kind, and the garments were few, but the purchase absorbed nearly half his capital. Satisfied with his appearance, he now began the round of the printing offices, going into every one he could find and asking for employment—merely asking, and going away, without a word, as soon as he was refused. In the course of the morning he found himself in the office of the *Journal of Commerce*, and he chanced to direct his inquiry, “if they wanted a hand,” to the late David Hale, one of the proprietors of the paper. Mr. Hale took a survey of the person who had presumed to address him, and replied in substance as follows:

“My opinion is, young man, that you’re a run away apprentice, and you’d better go home to your master.”

Horace endeavored to explain his position and circumstances, but the impetuous Hale could be brought to no more gracious response than, “Be off about your business, and don’t bother us.”

Horace, more amused than indignant, retired, and pursued his way to the next office. All that day he walked the streets, climbed into upper stories, came down again, ascended other heights, descended, dived into basements, traversed passages, groped through labyrinths, ever asking the same question, “Do you want a hand?” and ever receiving the same reply, in various degrees of civility, “No.” He walked ten times as many miles as he needed, for he was not aware that nearly all the printing offices in New York are in the same square mile. He went the entire length of many streets which any body could have told him did not contain one.

He went home on Friday evening very tired and a little discouraged.

Early on Saturday morning he resumed the search, and continued it with energy till the evening. But no one wanted a hand. Business seemed to be at a stand-still, or every office had its full complement of men. On Saturday evening he was still more fatigued. He resolved to remain in the city a day or two longer, and then, if still unsuccessful, to turn his face homeward, and inquire for work at the towns through which he passed. Though discouraged, he was not disheartened, and still less alarmed.

In the afternoon he heard news which gave him a faint hope of being able to remain in the city. An Irishman, a friend of the landlord, came in the course of the afternoon to pay his usual Sunday visit, and became acquainted with Horace and his fruitless search for work. He was a shoemaker, I believe, but he lived in a house which was much frequented by journeymen

printers. From them he had heard that hands were wanted at West's, No. 85 Chatham street, and he recommended his new acquaintance to make immediate application at that office.

Accustomed to country hours, and eager to seize the chance, Horace was in Chatham street and on the steps of the designated house by half-past five on Monday morning. West's printing office was in the second story, the ground floor being occupied by McElrath & Bangs as a bookstore. They were publishers, and West was their printer. Neither store nor office was yet opened, and Horace sat down on the steps to wait.

It seemed very long before any one came to work that morning at No. 85. The steps on which our friend was seated were in the narrow part of Chatham street, the gorge through which at morning and evening the swarthy tide of mechanics pours. By six o'clock the stream has set strongly down-town-ward, and it gradually swells to a torrent, bright with tin kettles. Thousands passed by, but no one stopped till nearly seven o'clock, when one of Mr. West's journeymen arrived, and finding the door still locked, he sat down on the steps by the side of Horace Greeley. They fell into conversation, and Horace stated his circumstances, something of his history, and his need of employment. Luckily this journeyman was a Vermonter, and a kind-hearted, intelligent man. He looked upon Horace as a countryman, and was struck with the singular candor and artlessness with which he told his tale. "I saw," says he, "that he was an honest, good young man, and being a Vermonter myself, I determined to help him if I could."

He did help him. The doors were opened, the men began to arrive; Horace and his newly-found friend ascended to the office, and soon after seven the work of the day began. It is hardly necessary to say that the appearance of Horace, as he sat in the office waiting for the coming of the foreman, excited unbounded astonishment, and brought upon his friend a variety of satirical observations. Nothing daunted, however, on the arrival of the foreman he stated the case, and endeavored to interest him enough in Horace to give him a trial. It happened that the work for which a man was wanted in the office was the composition of a Polyglot Testament; a kind of work which is extremely difficult and tedious. Several men had tried their hand at it, and, in a few days or a few hours, given it up. The foreman looked at Horace, and Horace looked at the foreman. Horace saw a handsome man (now known to the sporting public as Colonel Porter, editor of the *Spirit of the Times*). The foreman beheld a youth who could have gone on the stage, that minute, as Ezekiel Homespun without the alteration of a thread or a hair, and brought down the house by his "getting up" alone. He no more believed that Ezekiel could set up a page of a Polyglot Testament than he could construct a chronometer. However, partly to oblige

Horace's friend, partly because he was unwilling to wound the feelings of the applicant by sending him abruptly away, he consented to let him try. "Fix up a case for him," said he, "and we'll see if he *can* do anything." In a few minutes Horace was at work.

After Horace had been at work an hour or two, Mr. West, the "boss" came into the office. What his feelings were when he saw his new man, may be inferred from a little conversation upon the subject which took place between him and the foreman.

"Did you hire that — fool?" asked West with no small irritation.

"Yes; we must have hands, and he's the best I could get," said the foreman, justifying his conduct, though he was really ashamed of it.

"Well," said the master, "for God's sake pay him off to-night and let him go about his business."

Horace worked through the day with his usual intensity, and in perfect silence. At night he presented to the foreman, as the custom then was, the "proof" of his day's work. What astonishment was depicted in the good-looking countenance of that gentleman when he discovered that the proof before him was greater in quantity, and more correct than that of any other day's work which had yet been done on the Polyglot! There was no thought of sending the new journeyman about his business now.

Horace Greeley was a journeyman printer in New York city for fourteen months. Those months need not detain us long from the more eventful periods of his life.

He worked for Mr. West in Chatham street till about the first of November (1831). Then the business of that office fell off, and he was again a seeker for employment. He obtained a place in the office of the Evening Post, whence, it is *said*, he was soon dismissed by the late Mr. Leggett, on the ground of his sorry appearance. The story current among printers is this: Mr. Leggett came into the printing office for the purpose of speaking to the man whose place Horace Greeley had taken.

"Where's Jones?" asked Mr. Leggett.

"He's gone away," replied one of the men.

"Who has taken his place, then?" said the irritable editor.

"There's the man," said some one, pointing to Horace, who was "bobbing" at the case in his peculiar way.

Mr. Leggett looked at "the man," and said to the foreman, "For God's sake, discharge him, and let's have decent-looking men in the office, at least."

Horace was accordingly—so goes the story—discharged at the end of the week.

Horace Greeley's first lift happened after this wise:

About the year 1830, Mr. Sheppard, recently come of age and into the possession of fifteen hundred dollars, moved from his native New Jersey to New York, and entered the Eldridge Street Medical School as a student of medicine. He was ambitious and full of ideas. Of course, therefore, his fifteen hundred dollars *burned* in his vest pocket—(where he actually used to carry it, until a fellow student almost compelled him to deposit it in a place of safety). He took to dabbling in newspapers and periodicals, a method of getting rid of superfluous cash, which is as expeditious as it is fascinating. He soon had an interest in a medical magazine, and soon after, a share in a weekly paper. By the time he had completed his medical studies, he had gained some insight into the nature of the newspaper business, and lost the greater part of his money.

People who live in Eldridge street, when they have occasion to go "down town," must necessarily pass through Chatham street, a thoroughfare which is noted, among many other things, for the extraordinary number of articles which are sold in it for a "penny a piece." Apple-stalls, peanut-stalls, stalls for the sale of oranges, melons, pine-apples, cocoanuts, chestnuts, candy, shoe-laces, cakes, pocket-combs, ice-cream, suspenders, lemonade, and oysters, line the sidewalk. In Chatham street, those small trades are carried on, on a scale of magnitude, with a loudness of vociferation, and a flare of lamp-light, unknown to any other part of the town. Along Chatham street, our medical student oftentimes took his way, musing on the instability of fifteen hundred dollars, and observing, possibly envying, the noisy merchants of the stalls. He was struck with the rapidity with which they sold their penny ware. A small boy would sell half a dozen penny cakes in the course of a minute. The difference between a cent and no money did not seem to be appreciated by the people. If a person saw something, wanted it, knew the price to be only a cent, he was almost as certain to buy it as though it were offered him for nothing. Now, thought he, to make a fortune, one has nothing more to do than to produce a tempting article which can be sold profitably for a cent, place it where everybody can see it, and buy it, without stopping—and lo! the thing is done! If it were only *possible* to produce a small, spicy daily paper for a cent, and get boys to sell it about the streets, *how* it would sell! How many pennies that now go for cakes and peanuts would be spent for news and paragraphs!

He went to a paper warehouse, and made inquiries touching the price of the cheaper kinds of printing paper. He figured up the cost of composition. He computed office expenses and editorial salaries. He estimated the probable circulation of a penny paper, and the probable income to be derived from advertising. Surely, he could sell four or five thousand a day! *There*, for instance, is a group of people; suppose a boy were at this moment to go up

to *them* with an armful of papers, "only one cent," I am positive, thought the sanguine projector, that six of the nine would buy a copy! His conclusion was, that he could produce a newspaper about twice the size of an average sheet of letter-paper, half paragraphs and half advertisements, and sell it at a cent per copy, with an ample profit to himself. He was *sure* of it! He had tried all his arithmetic upon the project, and the figures gave the same result always.

The Spirit of the Times was then in its infancy. To the office of that paper, where Horace Greeley was then a journeyman, Mr. Sheppard first directed his steps, and there he first unfolded his plans and exhibited his calculations. Mr. Greeley was not present on his first entrance. He came soon after, and began telling in high glee a story he had picked up of old Isaac Hill, who used to read his speeches in the House, and one day brought the wrong speech, and got upon his legs, and half way into a swelling exordium before he discovered his mistake. The narrator told his story extremely well, taking off the embarrassment of the old gentleman as he gradually came to the knowledge of his misfortune, to the life. The company were highly amused, and Mr. Sheppard said to himself, "That's no common *boy*." Perhaps it was an unfortunate moment to introduce a bold and novel idea; but it is certain that every individual present, from the editor to the devil, regarded the notion of a penny paper as one of extreme absurdity—foolish, ridiculous, frivolous! They took it as a joke, and the schemer took his leave.

Despairing of getting the assistance he required, Dr. Sheppard resolved, at length, to make a desperate effort to start the paper himself. His means were fifty dollars in cash and a promise of credit for two hundred dollars' worth of paper. Among his printer friends was Mr. Francis Story, the foreman of the Spirit of the Times office, who, about that time, was watching for an opportunity to get into business on his own account. To him Dr. Sheppard announced his intention, and proposed that he should establish an office and print the forthcoming paper, offering to pay the bill for composition every Saturday. Mr. Story hesitated; but, on obtaining from Mr. Sylvester a promise of the printing of his Bank Note Reporter, he embraced Dr. Sheppard's proposal, and offered Horace Greeley, for whom he had long entertained a warm friendship and a great admiration, an equal share in the enterprise. Horace was not favorably impressed with Dr. Sheppard's scheme. In the first place, he had no great faith in the practical ability of that gentleman; and, secondly, he was of opinion that the smallest price for which a daily paper could be profitably sold was two cents. His arguments on the latter point did not convince the ardent doctor; but, with the hope of overcoming his scruples and enlisting his co-operation, he consented to give up his darling idea, and fix the price of his paper at two

cents. Horace Greeley agreed, at length, to try his fortune as a master printer, and in December, the firm of Greeley and Story was formed.

On the morning of January 1st, 1833, the *Morning Post*, and a snow-storm of almost unexampled fury, came upon the town together. The snow was a wet blanket upon the hopes of newsboys and carriers, and quite deadened the noise of the new paper, filling up areas, and burying the tiny sheet at the doors of its few subscribers. For several days the streets were obstructed with snow. It was very cold. There were few people in the streets, and those few were not easily tempted to stop and fumble in their pockets for two cents. The newsboys were soon discouraged, and were fain to run shivering home. Dr. Sheppard was wholly unacquainted with the details of editorship, and most of the labor of getting up the numbers fell upon Mr. Greeley, and they were produced under every conceivable disadvantage. Yet, with all these misfortunes and drawbacks, several hundred copies were daily sold, and Dr. Sheppard was able to pay all the expenses of the first week. On the second Saturday, however, he paid his printers half in money and half in promises. On the third day of the third week the faith and the patience of Messrs. Greeley and Story gave out, and the *Morning Post* ceased to exist.

The firm of Greeley and Story was not seriously injured by the failure of the *Morning Post*. They stopped printing it in time, and their loss was not more than fifty or sixty dollars. Meanwhile, their mainstay was *Sylvester's Bank Note Reporter*, which yielded about fifteen dollars' worth of composition a week, payment for which was sure and regular. In a few weeks Mr. Story was fortunate enough to procure a considerable quantity of lottery printing. This was profitable work, and the firm, thenceforth, paid particular attention to that branch of business, and our hero acquired great dexterity in setting up and arranging the list of prizes and drawings.

Greeley and Story were now prosperous printers. Their business steadily increased, and they began to accumulate capital. The term of their co-partnership, however, was short. The great dissolver of partnerships, King Death himself, dissolved theirs in the seventh month of its existence. On the 9th of July Francis Story went down the bay on an excursion, and never returned alive. He was drowned by the upsetting of a boat, and his body was brought back to the city the same evening. There had existed between these young partners a warm friendship. Mr. Story's admiration of the character and talents of our hero amounted to enthusiasm; and he, on his part, could not but love the man who so loved him. When he went up to the coffin to look for the last time on the marble features that had never turned to his with an unkind expression, he said, "Poor Story! shall I ever meet with any one who will bear with me as he did?" To the bereaved family

Horace Greeley behaved with the most scrupulous justice, sending Mr. Story's mother half of all the little outstanding accounts as soon as they were paid, and receiving into the vacant place a brother-in-law of his deceased partner, Mr. Jonas Winchester, a gentleman now well known to the press and the people of this country.

It will, perhaps, surprise some of his present readers, who know him only as one of the most practical of writers, one given to politics, sub-soil plows, and other subjects supposed to be unpoetical, to learn that he was in early life a very frequent and by no means altogether unsuccessful poetizer.

Only one of his poems seems to have been inspired by the tender passion. It is dated May 31st, 1834. Who this bright Vision was to whom the poem was addressed, or whether it was ever visible to any but the poet's eye, has not transpired.

FANTASIES.

They deem me cold, the thoughtless and light-hearted,
 In that I worship not at beauty's shrine;
 They deem me cold, that through the years departed,
 I ne'er have bowed me to some form divine.
 They deem me proud, that, where the world hath flattered,
 I ne'er have knelt to languish or adore;
 They think not that the homage idly scattered
 Leaves the heart bankrupt ere its spring is o'er.

No! in my soul there glows but one bright vision.
 And o'er my heart there rules but one fond spell,
 Bright'ning my hours of sleep with dreams Elysian
 Of one unseen, yet loved, aye, cherished well;
 Unseen? Ah! no; her presence round me lingers,
 Chasing each wayward thought that tempts to rove;
 Weaving Affection's web with fairy fingers,
 And waking thoughts of purity and love.

Star of my heaven! thy beams shall guide me ever,
 Though clouds obscure, and thorns bestrew my path.
 As sweeps my bark adown life's arrowy river
 Thy angel smile shall soothe misfortune's wrath;
 And ah! should Fate e'er speed her deadliest arrow,
 Should Vice allure to plunge in her dark sea,
 Be this the only shield my soul shall borrow—
 One glance to Heaven—one burning thought of thee!

In the beginning of the year 1834, the dream of editorship revived in the soul of Horace Greeley. A project for starting a weekly paper began to be agitated in the office. The firm then consisted of three members, Horace Greeley, Jonas Winchester and E. Sibbett.

The New Yorker never, during the seven years of its existence, became profitable; and its editor, during the greater part of the time, derived even his means of subsistence either from the business of job printing or from other sources.

On the 10th of April, 1841, the Tribune appeared—a paper one-third the size of the present Tribune, price one cent; office No. 30 Ann street; Horace Greeley, editor and proprietor, assisted in the department of literary criticism, the fine arts, and general intelligence, by H. J. Raymond. Under its heading, the new paper bore, as a motto, the dying words of Harrison: "I DESIRE YOU TO UNDERSTAND THE TRUE PRINCIPLES OF GOVERNMENT. I WISH THEM CARRIED OUT. I ASK NOTHING MORE."

The Tribune began with about six hundred subscribers, procured by the exertions of a few of the editor's personal and political friends. Five thousand copies of the first number were printed, and "we found some difficulty in giving them away," says Mr. Greeley in the article just quoted. The expenses of the first week were five hundred and twenty-five dollars; the receipts, ninety-two dollars. A sorry prospect for an editor whose whole cash capital was less than a thousand dollars, but the circulation steadily increased, the paper was enlarged in size, and it was a straight-forward, honest expression of the sentiments of Mr. Greeley, hurled fearlessly at abuse of every kind, and especially at corruption in the government. It soon became the favorite political organ of the east, a position steadily held to this day.

The day which secured the nomination of General Taylor elected Horace Greeley to a seat in the House of Representatives, which the death of a member had made vacant. He was elected for one session only, and that, the short one of three months. How he came to be nominated has been explained by himself in a paragraph on the corruptive machinery of our primary elections: "An editor of the Tribune was once nominated through that machinery. So he was—to serve ninety days in Congress—and he doesn't feel a bit proud of it. But let it be considered that the convention was not chosen to nominate him, and did not (we presume) think of doing any such thing, until it had unanimously nominated another, who unexpectedly declined, and then one of us was pitched upon to supply his place. We don't know whether the primaries were as corrupt then as now or not; our impression is that they have been growing steadily worse and worse—but no matter—let us have them reformed."

His nomination introduced great spirit into the contest, and he was voted for with enthusiasm, particularly by two classes, work-

ing-men and thinking-men. His majority over his opponent was 3177, the whole number of votes being 5985. His majority considerably exceeded that of General Taylor in the same wards. At the close of his term Mr. Greeley returned to New York. He took leave of his constituents in a long letter published in the Tribune, in which he reviewed the proceedings of the late session, characterized it as a failure, and declined to take to himself any part of the blame thereof. These were his concluding words :

“ My work as your servant is done—whether well or ill it remains for you to judge. Very likely I gave the wrong vote on some of the difficult and complicated questions to which I was called to respond Aye or No with hardly a moment's warning. If so, you can detect and condemn the error ; for my name stands recorded in the divisions by Yeas and Nays on every public and all but one private bill, (which was laid on the table the moment the sitting opened, and on which my name had just been passed as I entered the Hall). I wish it were the usage among us to publish less of speeches and more of propositions and votes thereupon—it would give the mass of the people a much clearer insight into the management of their public affairs. My successor being already chosen and commissioned, I shall hardly be suspected of seeking your further kindness, and I shall be heartily rejoiced if he shall be able to combine equal zeal in your service with greater efficiency—equal fearlessness with greater popularity. That I have been somewhat annoyed at times by some of the consequences of my mileage expose is true, but I have never wished to recall it, nor have I felt that I owed an apology to any, and I am quite confident, that if you had sent to Washington (as you doubtless might have done) a more sternly honest and fearless Representative, he would have made himself more unpopular with a large portion of the House than I did.

“ I thank you heartily for the glimpse of public life which your favor has afforded me, and hope to render it useful henceforth, not to myself only but to the public. In ceasing to be your agent, and returning with renewed zest to my private cares and duties, I have a single additional favor to ask, not of you especially, but of all ; and I am sure my friends at least will grant it without hesitation. It is that you and they will oblige me henceforth by remembering that my name is simply.

“ HORACE GREELEY.”

And thus ended Horace Greeley's three months in Congress. No man ever served his country more faithfully. No man ever received less reward. One would have supposed, that such a manly and brave endeavor to economize the public money and the public time, such singular devotion to the public interests in the face of opposition, obloquy, insult, would have elicited from the whole country, or at least from many parts of it, cordial expressions

of approval. It did not, however. With no applauding shouts was Horace Greeley welcomed on his return from the seat of corruption. No enthusiastic mass-meetings of his constituents passed a series of resolutions approving his course. He has not been named for re-election. Do the people, then, generally feel that an honest man is out of place in the Congress of the United States?

Only from the little town of North Fairfield, Ohio, came a hearty cry of WELL DONE! A meeting of the citizens of that place was held for the purpose of expressing their sense of his gallant and honorable conduct. He responded to their applauding resolutions in a characteristic letter. "Let me beg of you," said he, "to think little of *persons*, in this connection, and much of *measures*. Should any see fit to tell you that I am dishonest, or ambitious, or hollow-hearted in this matter, don't stop to contradict or confute him, but press on his attention the main question respecting the honesty of these crooked charges. It is with these the public is concerned, and not this or that man's motives." As he lost his interest in party politics, his mind reverted to the soil. He yearned for the repose and the calm delights of country life.

"As for me," he said, at the conclusion of an address before the Indiana State Agricultural Society, delivered in October, 1853, "as for me, long tossed on the stormiest waves of doubtful conflict and arduous endeavor, I have begun to feel, since the shades of forty years fell upon me, the weary, tempest-driven voyager's longing for land, the wanderer's yearning for the hamlet where in childhood he nestled by his mother's knee, and was soothed to sleep on her breast. The sober down-hill of life dispels many illusions, while it develops or strengthens within us the attachment, perhaps long smothered or overlaid, for "that dear hut, our home." And so I, in the sober afternoon of life, when its sun, if not high, is still warm, have bought a few acres of land in the broad, still country, and, bearing thither my household treasures, have resolved to steal from the city's labors and anxieties at least one day in each week, wherein to revive as a farmer the memories of my childhood's early home. And already I realize that the experiment cannot cost so much as it is worth. Already I find in that day's quiet an antidote and a solace for the feverish, festering cares of the weeks which environ it. Already my brook murmurs a soothing even-song to my burning, throbbing brain; and my trees, gently stirred by the fresh breezes, whisper to my spirit something of their own quiet strength and patient trust in God. And thus do I faintly realize, though but for a brief and flitting day, the serene joy which shall irradiate the Farmer's vocation, when a fuller and truer education shall have refined and chastened his animal cravings, and when science shall have endowed him with her treasures, redeeming labor from drudgery while quadrupling its efficiency, and crowning with beauty and plenty our bounteous, beneficent earth."

The portion of the "broad, still country" alluded to in this eloquent passage, is a farm of fifty acres in Westchester county, near Newcastle, close to the Harlem railroad, thirty-four miles from the city of New York. Thither the tired editor repairs every Saturday morning by an early train, and there he remains, directing and assisting in the labors of the farm for that single day only, returning early enough on Sunday to hear the flowing rhetoric of Mr. Chapin's morning sermon. From church—to the office and to work.

In the year 1855, which was that of the first Paris Exhibition, Mr. Greeley again enjoyed a few weeks' holiday in Europe. The voyage, however, was anything but enjoyment. "I have expressed," he says, "my own opinion of the sea and its behavior before, and do not care to reiterate it. I suffered far less intensely this time, and gratefully acknowledge the kind Providence which preserved us from the perils and afflictions by which others have been visited. But to me "a life on the ocean wave" is still surcharged with misery, and a steamship on rocking billows the most intolerable prison wherewith man's follies or sins are visited. I think I could just endure the compound stench of grease and steam which "ascendeth for ever and ever" on board these fire-ships; I might even bear the addition to my agonies which the damp, chilly breeze (when it happens not to be a gale) never fails to induce; I might come in time to grapple with and throttle the demon Sea-sickness, remorseless as he is; but when to these are added the fumes arising from the incessant cookery required for three or four hundred human beings, all huddled within a space two hundred feet long by some twenty-five wide, I am compelled to surrender. There certainly can be fabricated nowhere else on earth a jumble of smells so intolerably nauseous and sickening.

While he was engaged in visiting the interesting objects of the French metropolis, he had the novel experience of being arrested for debt, and a debt which he had never contracted. Mr. Greeley has related this adventure at length, and in his own way. The following is his narrative:

THE ARREST.

"I had been looking *at* things if not *into* them for a good many years prior to yesterday. I had climbed mountains and descended into mines, had groped in caves and scaled precipices, seen Venice and Cincinnati, Dublin and Mineral Point, Niagara and St. Gothard, and really supposed I was approximating a middling outside knowledge of things in general. I had been chosen defendant in several libel suits, and been flattered with the information that my censures were deemed of more consequence than those of other people, and should be paid for accordingly. I had been through twenty of our States, yet never in a jail outside of New York, and over half Europe, yet never looked into one.

Here I had been seeing Paris for the last six weeks, visiting this sight, then that, till there seemed little remaining worth looking at or after, yet I had never once thought of looking into a debtors' prison. I should have probably gone away next week, as ignorant in that regard as I came, when circumstances favored me most unexpectedly with an inside view of this famous 'Maison de Detention,' or Prison for Debtors, 70 Rue de Clichy. I think what I have seen here, fairly told, must be instructive and interesting, and I suppose others will tell the story if I do not, and I don't know any one whose opportunities will enable him to tell it so accurately as I can. So here goes:

"I had been down at the Palace of Industry and returned to my lodgings, when, a little before four o'clock yesterday afternoon, four strangers called for me. By the help of my courier, I soon learned that they had a writ of arrest for me at the suit of one Mons. Lechesne, sculptor, affirming that he sent a statue to the New York Crystal Palace Exhibition, at or on the way to which it had been broken, so that it could not be (at all events it had not been) restored to him; wherefore he asked of me, as a director and representative of the Crystal Palace Association, to pay him 'douze mille francs,' or \$2,500. Not happening to have the change, and no idea of paying this demand if I had it, I could only signify those facts; whereupon they told me that I was under arrest, and must go along, which I readily did. We drove circuitously to the sculptor's residence at the other end of Paris, waited his convenience for a long half-hour, and then went to the President Judge who had issued the writ. I briefly explained to him my side of the case, when he asked me if I wished to give bail. I told him I would give good bail for my appearance at court at any time, but that I knew no man in Paris whom I felt willing to ask to become my security for the payment of so large a sum as \$2,500. After a little parley I named Judge Piatt, United States Secretary of Legation, as one who, I felt confident, would recognize for my appearance when wanted, and this suggestion met with universal assent. Twice over I carefully explained that I preferred going to prison to asking any friend to give bail for the payment in any case of this claim, and knew I was fully understood. So we all, except the judge, drove off to the Legation.

"There we found Judge P., who readily agreed to recognize as I required; but now the plaintiff and his lawyer refused to accept him as security in any way, alleging that he was privileged from arrest by his office. He offered to give his check on Greene & Co., bankers, for the 12,000 francs in dispute as security for my appearance; but they would not have him in any shape. While we were chaffering, Mr. Maunsell B. Field, United States Commissioner in the French Exposition, came along, and offered to join Mr. Piatt in the recognizance; but nothing would do. Mr. Field then offered to raise the money demanded; but I said, No,

if the agreement before the judge was not adhered to by the other side, I would give no bail whatever, but go to prison. High words ensued, and the beginning of a scuffle, in the midst of which I, half unconsciously, descended from the carriage. Of course I was ordered back *instantly*, and obeyed so soon as I understood the order, but we were all, by this time losing temper. As putting me in jail would simply secure my forthcoming when wanted, and as I was ready to give any amount of security for this, which the other side had once agreed to take, I thought they were rather crowding matters in the course they were taking. So, as I was making my friends too late for a pleasant dinner-party at *Trois Freres*, where I had expected to join them, I closed the discussion by insisting that we should drive off.

"Crossing the Avenue Champs Elysees the next moment, our horses struck another horse, took fright, and ran until reined up against a tree, disabling the concern. My cortege of officers got out; I attempted to follow, but was thrust back very roughly and held in with superfluous energy, since they had had abundant opportunity to see that I had no idea of getting away from them. I had in fact evinced ample determination to enjoy their delightful society to the utmost. At last they had to transfer me to another carriage, but they made such a parade of it, and insisted on taking hold of me so numerously and so fussily (this being just the most thronged and conspicuous locality in Paris), that I came near losing my temper again. We got along, however, and in due time arrived at this spacious, substantial, secure establishment, No. 70 Rue de Clichy.

"I was brought in through three or four heavy iron doors to the office of the Governor, where I was properly received. Here I was told I must stay till nine o'clock, since the President Judge had allowed me till that hour to find bail. In vain I urged that I had refused to give bail, would give none, and wanted to be shown to my cell; I must stay here till nine o'clock. So I ordered something for dinner and amused myself by looking at the ball play, &c., of the prisoners in the yard, to whose immunities I was not yet eligible, but I had the privilege of looking in through the barred windows. The yard is one of the best I have ever seen anywhere, has a good many trees and some flowers, and, as the wall is at least fifteen feet high, and another of twenty surrounding it, with guards with loaded muskets always pacing between, I should judge the danger of burglary or other annoyances from without very moderate.

"My first visitor was Judge Mason, U. S. Ambassador, accompanied by Mr. Kirby, one of the attaches of the Embassy. Judge M. had heard of my luck from the Legation, and was willing to serve me to any extent, and in any manner. I was reminded by my position of the case of the prying Yankee who undertook to fish out a gratuitous opinion on a knotty point in a lawsuit in

which he was involved. 'Supposing,' said he to an eminent counselor, 'you were involved in such and such a difficulty, what would you do?' 'Sir,' said the counselor, with becoming gravity, 'I should take the very best legal advice I could obtain.' I told Judge M. that I wanted neither money nor bail, but a first-rate French lawyer, who could understand my statements in English, at the very earliest moment. Judge M. left to call on Mr. James Munroe, banker, and send me a lawyer as soon as could be. This was done, but it was eight o'clock on Saturday night, before which hour at this season most eminent Parisians have left for their country residences; and no lawyer of the proper stamp and standing could then be or has yet been found.

"Things have worked to-day very much as I had hoped and calculated. Friends had been in active quest of such lawyers as I needed, and two of the right sort were with me at a seasonable hour in the morning. At three o'clock they had a hearing before the Judge, and we were all ready for it, thanks to friends inside of the gratings as well as out. Judge Piatt's official certificate as to the laws of our State governing the liability of corporators has been of vital service to me; and when my lawyers asked, 'Where is your evidence that the effects of the New York Association are now in the hands of a receiver?' I answered, 'The gentleman who was talking with me in the visitors' room when you came in and took me away knows that perfectly; perhaps he is there yet.' I was at once sent for him, and found him there. Thus all things conspired for good; and at four o'clock my lawyers and friends came to Clichy to bid me walk out, without troubling my friends for any security or deposit whatever. So I guess my last chance of ever learning French is gone by the board."

An interesting event in the life of Horace Greeley, and in the history of the country occurred in May, 1867, when he went to Richmond for the purpose of signing the bail-bond which restored to liberty Jefferson Davis, after two years' confinement in Fortress Monroe. "I went to Richmond," he says, "and signed the bond, simply because the leading counsel for the prisoner deemed it important. If any other name would have answered as well, they would not have proffered mine; for they could easily have given ten millions of dollars, all of it by men who were worth double the amount for which they became responsible, and each of whom would have esteemed signing the bond a privilege. But the counsel believed it eminently desirable that they should present some northern names, of men who had been conspicuous opponents of the rebellion; perhaps because the application to admit to bail would be otherwise strenuously resisted. I know nothing of their reasons; I only know that they would not have required me to face this deluge of mud if they had not believed it necessary."

The bond was for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars,

and was signed by twenty persons, among whom were Horace Greeley, John Minor Botts, Augustus Schell, Gerritt Smith and Cornelius Vanderbilt. "A happier looking man," wrote one of the reporters, "never pledged himself for another's honor than Horace Greeley appeared, as he took the pen and affixed himself as surety upon the bond. He had scarcely laid down the pen and turned from the clerk's table, when Mr. Davis hastily put himself in his way, and grasping his hand, uttered a few warm words of acknowledgment. It was their first meeting, and he returned the pressure and ventured to hope, in a few homely sentences, that he had done his companion an essential service.

"The announcement of Judge Underwood: 'The United States marshal will now discharge the prisoner from custody,' was the signal for giving vent to the delight that had been so imperfectly schooled among the audience during the early progress of the proceedings. For a moment the din was terrific, and would not be subdued by any amount of crying the peace by the marshal.

"Mr. Davis was seized, congratulated, and sobbed over, and in the same moment hurried from the court room to the street, where a thousand people were uncovered and cheering as he passed. Alighted from his carriage at the hotel, the crowd demanded audience, and for two hours thereafter poured into his parlors, so tearful and happy, that it was impossible not to catch the infection. Later, Mr. Davis drove out with his friends, everywhere encountering cheers and congratulations from the people surrounding his carriage-wheels to those upon the house-tops."

If we may judge from the southern newspapers, this act of the editor of the Tribune will do its part toward the reconciliation of the country. The Richmond Whig said:

"The generous course pursued toward Mr. Davis yesterday was one of the most effective reconstruction steps yet taken. It was indeed a stride in that direction. But the legal action taken was not all that we feel called upon to notice. That action was accompanied and embellished by circumstances of courtesy and cordial generosity from northern and republican gentlemen or distinction and influence, which will go far to commend them to the grateful consideration of the South. They joined our own Virginians in both bail-bonds and congratulations. In so doing they illustrated their magnanimity, and in one moment leveled barriers that might otherwise have remained for years. The effect of yesterday's work will be felt and shown throughout the South, or we much mistake southern character. Let us all show that northern generosity is the true avenue to southern friendship. We repeat, a great stride was yesterday taken in the line of reconstruction."

The Lynchburg Virginian held the following language:

"We hail the event as an auspicious one, fraught with good, and recognize the present as a fortunate time for both sections of the

Union to set out with a new purpose, to bury their animosities, and meet together on a common ground of justice, peace and fraternity. No one, we are sure, would do more to bring about such a result, or more rejoice at it, than he who was yesterday restored to the free air of heaven from the confines of his long incarceration."

In the summer of 1859 Mr. Greeley made his celebrated journey across the Plains to California, the particulars of which, according to his custom, he related to his readers. The manner in which he announced his purpose was characteristic: "About the first of October next we are to have a State election; then a city contest; then the organization and long session of a new Congress; then a Presidential struggle; then Congress again; which brings us to the forming of a new national administration and the summer of 1861. If, therefore, I am to have any respite from editorial labor for the next two years I must take it now." So on the 9th of May, 1859, he left New York for a trip across the continent.

When he visited Pike's Peak he had been posted upon the questionable practices sometimes resorted to by miners to secure a big "prospect," and establish a fictitious value to property, and he determined to accept no man's word about the richness or abundance of gold deposits in the Gregory mines. No "salting" process should lead him into any mistaken or unauthorized report to the one hundred thousand readers of the *Tribune*! So he insisted that he should be permitted to select and dig from the hard-packed earth in one of the mines, a panful of dirt, and wash it out himself. He was careful to examine the condition of the hole selected for his experiment, satisfying himself that no pick or shovel blade had ever disturbed the spot, and that if the "panning" process revealed the existence of gold, the "prospect" could be taken as *bona fide* evidence of the condition of the mine. Mr. Greeley carried out his programme to the letter—picking, shoveling and panning out with his own hands. As the dirt gradually disappeared under the influence of water and the gyratory motions of the philosopher, the "color" of the glistening *ore* began to disclose itself, and when the process was completed, over an ounce of fine gold scales and dust were revealed to sight. The amateur "panner" could not conceal his astonishment and gratification over this result; but when the miner from whose claim he had taken the dirt carelessly asked him to accept the gold, and intimated that "the product of this pan was a little below the average," he was speechless with amazement, and became at once a "mining convert." How this rich prospect *happened* to get into Mr. Greeley's pan of dirt, is not positively known; but the following theory has been generally accepted: Several ounces of fine gold discharged from double-barreled guns into the bottom of the hole, had been scattered over the entire surface, forming a very rich "deposit," without disturbing, visibly, the natural com-

pactness of the solid earth. Such overwhelming proof of the productiveness of the mines of the Pike's Peak region, could not be gainsayed or contradicted; and soon thereafter the columns of the Tribune contained glowing accounts of Mr. Greeley's personal observations and experience in the Gregory district.

Having seen the buffaloes, Mr. Greeley had a strong desire to see the *elephant*, and accordingly, upon his arrival at Salt Lake City, proceeded to call with a friend upon Brigham Young. We prefer him to give his interview in his own inimitable style.

"We were very cordially welcomed at the door by the President, who led us into the second-story parlor of the largest of his houses (he has three), where I was introduced to Heber C. Kimball, General Wells, General Ferguson, Albert Carrington, Elias Smith, and several other leading men in the Church, with two full-grown sons of the President. After some unimportant conversation on general topics, I stated that I had come in quest of fuller knowledge respecting the doctrines and polity of the Mormon Church, and would like to ask some questions bearing directly on these, if there were no objection. President Young avowing his willingness to respond to all pertinent inquiries, the conversation proceeded substantially as follows:

"H. G. Am I to regard Mormonism (so-called) as a new religion, or as simply a new development of Christianity?

"B. Y. We hold that there can be no true Christian Church without a priesthood directly commissioned by and in immediate communication with the Son of God and Savior of mankind. Such a church is that of the Latter-Day Saints, called by their enemies Mormons; we know no other that even pretends to have present and direct revelations of God's will.

"H. G. Then I am to understand that you regard all other churches professing to be Christian as the Church of Rome regards all churches not in communion with itself,—as schismatic, heretical, and out of the way of salvation?

"B. Y. Yes, substantially.

"H. G. Apart from this, in what respect do your doctrines differ essentially from those of our orthodox Protestant Churches,—the Baptist or Methodist, for example?

"B. Y. We hold the doctrines of Christianity as revealed in the Old and New Testaments, also in the Book of Mormon, which teaches the same cardinal truths, and those only.

"H. G. Do you believe in the doctrine of the Trinity?

"B. Y. We do; but not exactly as it is held by other churches. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, as equal, but not identical,—not as one person [being]. We believe in all the Bible teaches on this subject.

"H. G. Do you believe in a personal Devil, a distinct, conscious, spiritual being, whose nature and acts are essentially malignant and evil?

"*B. Y.* We do.

"*H. G.* Do you hold the doctrine of eternal punishment?

"*B. Y.* We do; though perhaps not exactly as other churches do. We believe it as the Bible teaches it.

"*H. G.* I understand that you regard baptism by immersion as essential.

"*B. Y.* We do.

"*H. G.* Do you practice infant baptism?

"*B. Y.* No.

"*H. G.* Do you make removal to these valleys obligatory on your converts?

"*B. Y.* They would consider themselves greatly aggrieved if they were not invited hither. We hold to such a gathering together of God's people as the Bible foretells, and that this is the place, and now is the time appointed for its consummation.

"*H. G.* The predictions to which you refer have usually, I think, been understood to indicate Jerusalem (or Judæa) as the place of such gathering.

"*B. Y.* Yes; for the Jews; not for others.

"*H. G.* What is the position of your church with respect to slavery?

"*B. Y.* We consider it of Divine institution, and not to be abolished until the curse pronounced on Ham shall have been removed from his descendants.

"*H. G.* Are any slaves now held in this Territory?

"*B. Y.* There are.

"*H. G.* Do your Territorial laws uphold slavery?

"*B. Y.* Those laws are printed, you can read for yourself. If slaves are brought here by those who owned them in the States, we do not favor their escape from the service of those owners.

"*H. G.* Am I to infer that Utah, if admitted as a member of the Federal Union, will be a slave State?

"*B. Y.* No; she will be a free State. Slavery here would prove useless and unprofitable. I regard it generally as a curse to the masters. I myself hire many laborers, and pay them fair wages; I could not afford to own them. I can do better than subject myself to an obligation to feed and clothe their families, to provide and care for them in sickness and health. Utah is not adapted to slave labor.

"*H. G.* Let me now be enlightened with regard more especially to your Church polity. I understand that you require each member to pay over one tenth of all he produces or earns to the Church.

"*B. Y.* That is a requirement of our faith. There is no compulsion as to the payment. Each member acts in the premises according to his pleasure, under the dictates of his own conscience.

"*H. G.* What is done with the proceeds of this tithing ?

"*B. Y.* Part of it is devoted to building temples and other places of worship ; part to helping the poor and needy converts on their way to this country ; and the largest portion to the support of the poor among the Saints.

"*H. G.* Is none of it paid to bishops and other dignitaries of the Church ?

"*B. Y.* Not one penny. No bishop, no elder, no deacon, or other church officer, receives any compensation for his official services. A bishop is often required to put his hand in his own pocket and provide therefrom for the poor of his charge ; but he never receives anything for his services.

"*H. G.* How, then, do your ministers live ?

"*B. Y.* By the labor of their own hands, like the first Apostles. Every bishop, every elder, may be daily seen at work in the field or the shop, like his neighbors ; every minister of the Church has his proper calling by which he earns the bread of his family ; he who cannot or will not do the Church work for nothing is not wanted in her service ; even her lawyers (pointing to General Ferguson and another present, who are the regular lawyers of the Church) are paid nothing for their services ; I am the only person in the Church who has not a regular calling apart from the Church's service, and I never received one farthing from her treasury ; if I obtain anything from the tithing-house, I am charged with and pay for it, just as any one else would ; the clerks in the tithing-store are paid like other clerks, but no one is ever paid for any service pertaining to the ministry. We think a man who cannot make his living aside from the ministry of Christ unsuited to that office. I am called rich, and consider myself worth \$250,000 ; but no dollar of it was ever paid me by the Church, or for any service as a minister of the everlasting Gospel. I lost nearly all I had when we were broken up in Missouri and driven from that State. I was nearly stripped again when Joseph Smith was murdered and we were driven from Illinois ; but nothing was ever made up to me by the Church, nor by any one. I believe I know how to acquire property, and how to take care of it.

"*H. G.* Can you give me any rational explanation of the aversion and hatred with which your people are generally regarded by those among whom they have lived and with whom they have been brought directly in contact ?

"*B. Y.* No other explanation than is afforded by the crucifixion of Christ and the kindred treatment of God's ministers, prophets, and saints in all ages.

"*H. G.* I know that a new sect is always decried and traduced ; that it is hardly ever deemed respectable to belong to one ; that the Baptists, Quakers, Methodists, Universalists, etc., have each in their turn been regarded in the infancy of their sect as the off-scouring of the earth ; yet I cannot remember that either of them

were ever generally represented and regarded by the older sects of their early days as thieves, robbers, murderers.

"*B. Y.* If you will consult the contemporary Jewish accounts of the life and acts of Jesus Christ, you will find that he and his disciples were accused of every abominable deed and purpose—robbery and murder included. Such a work is still extant, and may be found by those who seek it.

"*H. G.* What do you say of the so-called Danites or Destroying Angels, belonging to your Church?

"*B. Y.* What do *you* say? I know of no such band, no such persons or organization. I hear of them only in the slanders of our enemies.

"*H. G.* With regard, then, to the grave question on which your doctrines and practices are avowedly at war with those of the Christian world—that of a plurality of wives—is the system of your Church acceptable to the majority of its women?

"*B. Y.* They could not be more averse to it than I was when it was first revealed to us as the Divine will. I think they generally accept it, as I do, as the will of God.

"*H. G.* How general is polygamy among you?

"*B. Y.* I could not say. Some of those present [heads of the Church] have each but one wife; others have more; each determines what is his individual duty.

"*H. G.* What is the largest number of wives belonging to any one man?

"*B. Y.* I have fifteen; I know no one who has more; but some of those sealed to me are old ladies whom I regard rather as mothers than wives, but whom I have taken home to cherish and support.

"*H. G.* Does not the Apostle Paul say that a bishop should be 'the husband of one wife?'

"*B. Y.* So we hold. We do not regard any but a married man as fitted for the office of bishop. But the apostle does not forbid a bishop having more wives than one.

"*H. G.* Does not Christ say that he who puts away his wife, or marries one whom another has put away, commits adultery?

"*B. Y.* Yes; and I hold that no man should ever put away a wife except for adultery—not always even for that. Such is *my* individual view of the matter. I do not say that wives have never been put away in our Church, but that I do not approve of the practice.

"*H. G.* How do you regard what is commonly termed the Christian Sabbath?

"*B. Y.* As a divinely appointed day of rest. We enjoin all to rest from secular labor on that day. We would have no man enslaved to the Sabbath, but we enjoin all to respect and enjoy it."

HIS OPINION OF POLYGAMY.

"I have enjoyed opportunities for visiting Mormons, and studying Mormonism in the homes of its votaries, and of discussing with them what the outside world regards as its distinguishing feature, in the freedom of friendly social intercourse. In one instance, a veteran apostle of the faith, having first introduced to me a worthy matron of fifty-five or sixty—the wife of his youth and the mother of his grown-up sons—as Mrs. T., soon after introduced a young and winning lady of perhaps twenty-five summers, in these words: 'Here is another Mrs. T.' This lady is a recent emigrant from our State, of more than average powers of mind and graces of person, who came here with her brother as a convert, a little over a year ago, and has been the sixth wife of Mr. T. since a few weeks after her arrival. (The intermediate four wives of Elder T. live on a farm or farms some miles distant.) The manner of the husband was perfectly unconstrained and off-hand throughout; but I could not well be mistaken in my conviction that both ladies failed to conceal dissatisfaction with their position in the eyes of their visitor and of the world. They seemed to feel that it needed vindication. Their manner toward each other was most cordial and sisterly—sincerely so, I doubt not—but this is by no means the rule. A Gentile friend, whose duties require him to travel widely over the territory, informs me that he has repeatedly stopped with a bishop, some hundred miles south of this, whose two wives he has never known to address each other, or evince the slightest cordiality, during the hours he has spent in their society.

The bishop's house consists of two rooms; and when my informant stayed there with a Gentile friend, the bishop being absent, one wife slept in the same apartment with them, rather than in that occupied by her double. I presume that an extreme case, but the spirit which impels it is not unusual. I met this evening a large party of young people, consisting in nearly equal numbers of husbands and wives; but no husband was attended by more than one wife, and no gentleman admitted or implied, in our repeated and animated discussions of polygamy, that *he* had more than one wife. And I was again struck by the circumstance that here, as heretofore, no woman indicated by word or look her approval of any argument in favor of polygamy. That many women acquiesce in it as an ordinance of God, and have been drilled into a mechanical assent to the logic by which it is upheld, I believe; but that there is not a woman in Utah who does not in her heart wish that God had *not* ordained it I am confident. And quite a number of the young men treat it in conversation as a temporary or experimental arrangement, which is to be sustained or put aside as experience shall demonstrate its utility or mischief.

"One old Mormon farmer, with whom I discussed the matter privately, admitted that it was impossible for a poor working man to have a well-ordered, well-governed household, where his children had two or more living mothers occupying the same ordinary dwelling. On the whole, I conclude that polygamy, as it was a graft on the original stock of Mormonism, will be outlived by the root; that there will be a new revelation ere many years, whereby the saints will be admonished to love and cherish the wives they already have, but not to marry any more beyond the natural assignment of one wife to each husband.

"I regret that I have found time and opportunity to visit but one of the nineteen common schools of this city. This was thinly attended by children nearly all quite young, and of the most rudimentary attainments. Their phrenological developments were, in the average, bad; I say this with freedom, since I have stated that those of the adults, as I noted them in the Tabernacle, were good. But I am told that idiotic or malformed children are very rare, if not unknown here. The male Saints emphasize the fact that a majority of the children born here are girls, holding it a proof that Providence smiles on their 'peculiar institution'; I, on the contrary, maintain that such is the case in *all* polygamous countries, and prove simply a preponderance of vigor on the part of the mothers over that of the fathers wherever this result is noted. I presume that a majority of the children of old husbands by young wives in any community are girls."

MR. GREELEY EXCITES CONSTERNATION.

While the editor of the Tribune was pursuing his journey across the continent, a California paper published a burlesque paragraph to the effect that he "was on his way to California to take command of all the fillibusters to be found there; that Henningsen and Walker would join him with forces collected in the Atlantic States; and that the whole horde, under the supreme command of Horace Greeley, would invade Mexico and usurp the government of the Republic." A copy of this paper fell into the hands of the commander at Mazatlan, and he at once issued a proclamation informing the people that one "Horace Greeley, a most diabolical, bloodthirsty, and unmerciful man, worse than the infamous Walker, or even the minions of Miramon; a man whose very name struck dread to the hearts of thousands in the United States, so many were his crimes and so terrible was his conduct; is now at the head of the most extensive band of fillibusters ever collected, and on his way to Mexico!" He then exhorts the people to prepare themselves for instant action, and concludes thus: "This dangerous man is not of the common school of fillibusters: they wish for plunder, he for blood and murderous deeds."

Mr. Greeley grew old apace. He had not been more fortunate than less favored mortals—had neither quaffed from, nor found the

fountain of perpetual youth, and a longing to taste again the quiet delights of his boyhood—to live in, to own a spot of ground, to rear him a home where the bustle and turmoil of the city should not reach, grew very strong upon him; and he bought him a farm near enough to the city to admit of his passing to and fro each day when necessary, and his book, "What I know about Farming," is the result of observations and experiments of his own, given to the world. As an agriculturist, Mr. Greeley is a success; indeed, we might say, with an irreverent visitor to Henry Ward Beecher's farm, "Alas, the pity—what a splendid farmer was spoiled when that man took to preaching."

Horace Greeley in this year, 1872, is sixty years of age. He stands five feet ten and a-half inches, and weighs, perhaps, one hundred and fifty-five pounds. He stoops a little, and in walking he swings from side to side, something in the manner of a ploughman. Seen from behind, he looks, as he walks with head depressed, bended back, and swaying gait, like an old man; an illusion which is heightened, if a stray lock of white hair escapes from under his hat. But the expression of his face is singularly and engagingly youthful. His complexion is extremely fair, and a smile plays ever upon his countenance. His head, measured round the organs of Individuality and Philoprogenitiveness, is twenty-three and a half inches in circumference, which is considerably larger than the average. His forehead is round and full, and rises into a high and ample dome. The hair is white, inclining to red at the ends, and thinly scattered over the head. Seated in company, with his hat off, he looks not unlike the "Philosopher" he is often called; no one could take him for a common man.

According to the Phrenological Journal, his brain is *very* large, in the right place, well balanced, and of the best form, long, narrow and high. It indicates, says the same authority, small animality and selfishness, extreme benevolence, natural nobleness, and loftiness of aim. His controlling organs are Adhesiveness, Benevolence, Firmness and Conscientiousness. Reverence is small; Destructiveness and Acquisitiveness less. Amativeness and Philoprogenitiveness are fully developed. The Love of Approbation is prominent; Self-Esteem not so. Resistance and Moral Courage are very full; Secretiveness full; Cautiousness large; Continuity small; deality fair, Taste *very* small; Imitation small. Mirthfulness very large; Eventuality and Comparison large; Language good; Reasoning better; Agrecableness deficient; Intuition great; Temperament active. His body, adds the Phrenologist, is not enough for his head.

In manner, Horace Greeley is still a rustic. The metropolis has not been able to make much impression upon him. He lives amidst the million of his fellow-citizens, in their various uniforms, an unassimilated man.

I have seen Horace Greeley in Broadway on Sunday morning with a hole in his elbow and straws clinging to his hat. I have seen him asleep while Alboni was singing. When he is asked respecting his health, he answers sometimes by the single word "stout," and here the subject drops. He is a man who might save a nation, but never learn to tie a cravat; no, not if Brummell gave him a thousand lessons.

Mr. Greeley has few intimate friends and no cronies. He gives no parties, attends few; has no pleasures, so called; and suffers little pain. In some respects, he is exceedingly frank; in others, no man is more reserved. For example, his pecuniary affairs, around which most men throw an awful mystery, he has no scruples about revealing to any passing stranger, or even to the public; and that in the fullest detail. But he can keep a secret with any man living, and he seldom talks about what interests him most. Margaret Fuller had a passion for looking at the naked souls of her friends; and she often tried to get a peep into the inner bosom of Horace Greeley; but he kept it buttoned close against her observation. Indeed, the kind of revelation in which she delighted he entirely detests, as probably every healthy mind does.

He loves a joke, and tells a comic story with great glee. His cheerfulness is habitual, and probably he never knew two consecutive hours of melancholy in his life. His manner is sometimes exceedingly ungracious; he is not apt to suppress a yawn in the presence of a conceited bore; but if the bore is a bore innocently, he submits to the infliction with a surprising patience. He has a singular hatred of bungling, and rates a bungler sometimes with extraordinary vehemence.

He clings to an opinion, nowever, or a prejudice, with the tenacity of his race; and has rarely been brought to own himself in the wrong. If he changes his opinion, which sometimes he does, he may show it by altered conduct, seldom by a confession in words.

THE LAST INTERVIEW BETWEEN GREELEY AND GRANT.

The last interview between these two gentlemen occurred at the time of General Walbridge's funeral, I believe in March, 1871. Walbridge was one of Greeley's favorites, and he had recommended him for the collectorship for the port. Some time before the death of Walbridge, a person in confidential relations with Grant told Greeley in New York that the president wanted to see him for the purpose of having a talk about New York politics. This was after the Syracuse convention, famous in New York politics, and at a time when the republican party needed most careful and judicious nursing to keep it from going to pieces. Greeley felt the condition of affairs very deeply, and while he did not conceal from the public his opinions that Grant and his friends

had blundered, he yet was careful that his paper should take a forbearing course. He did not openly censure Grant, but he mildly disapproved of some things which he had done. When Greeley therefore, received intimations that Grant would like to see him, he felt that the president had a keen sense of the danger that threatened, and would do his best to avert it. Walbridge's death occurred soon afterward, and Greeley and Murphy and other politicians from New York came on to attend the funeral.

While at the grave, General Horace Porter went to Mr. Greeley and said that the president would be happy to have Mr. Greeley ride home in his (the president's) carriage. Mr. Greeley accepted the invitation, and the two were driven to the White House. On the president's invitation, Mr. Greeley entered the White House, and stayed to dinner. Greeley, all this time, was waiting for the New York politics that was to be the subject of conversation. It was not mentioned in the carriage, nor previous to dinner, nor at dinner. After dinner Grant struck off on farming. He heard that Greeley took great interest in farming; somebody had told him he had written a book on the subject, and he thought that would be an interesting topic to the philosopher. So Grant talked about his own farm near St. Louis, and of Greeley's near Chappaqua; he talked about his own fine mares, his blooded stock, and of Marshal Brown's pups.

All these things were interesting to Greeley, but they would not prevent the republican party in New York from splitting to pieces. Greeley wanted to talk politics. It was manifestly not his place as the guest of the president to force his opinions upon Grant, and he was with the president four mortal hours and New York matters were not alluded to. He went away more in sorrow than in anger—he was disappointed and discouraged. He went down to the Tribune's Washington office and there met Senator Henry Wilson, to whom he related the whole occurrence. Grant, on his part, felt very buoyant. He thought he had entertained Greeley very satisfactorily.

MR. GREELEY AT HOME.

The village of Chappaqua, the country home of Mr. Greeley, is thirty-two miles from the City Hall, on the Harlem Railroad. It is of the traditional railroad village order. It has a dozen or two houses of white frame, including the railway station, the post office, the tavern, the store, the church and the blacksmith shop. It is surrounded by high wooded hills, from the sides of which peep the white country houses of a few city gentlemen. It is full of lusty, sun-browned men, who go about all week days in their shirt sleeves, and of cherry-ripe faced buxom lasses, who take heartily to bright-colored Dolly-Vardens. They are all sociable. Every man, woman, youth, lassie, and child in Chappaqua is anxious and willing to enlighten the stranger in their midst upon the subject of

Mr. Greeley. There is no other subject which the highly elated village cares to discuss just now. Even the "crops and weather" are insignificant in comparison.

THE CHIEF OF CHAPPAQUA.

Mr. Greeley is almost a lord of the manor. His house on the roadside is only a stone's throw from the Chappaqua Hotel and the railroad track. It sits on the side of the hill, slightly elevated over its neighbors in the village, and from its low-roofed porch or piazza the sage, when at home, can view the whole village over which, by reason of his great repute and his wide philanthropy, he exercises a sort of kindly dominion, similar to that of a loving lord of the feudal ages. A broad dirt road leads you up the windings of a hill to his other house in the woods, whence he has even a more commanding view of his domain.

CARING FOR AGED AND INFIRM SERVANTS.

Beyond this is his stone barn, his cow pasture, wherein the old bovine that gave milk for his children, is suffered to chew her sweet cud in comfortable retirement, unvexed by the milkmaid and undoomed to slaughter, respected and revered by her master, pointed out to all comers eagerly by the rustic guides and "taken" with hearty appreciation by all the pictorial artists. The orchard, which is silvered all over with blossoming fruit, adjoins the pasture. The dark, swampy morass, which his masterly system of drainage has reclaimed to the uses of agriculture, lies at the bottom of the hill, rich in the blackness of its soil.

THE GREAT WOODS

wherein the physical forces of the philosopher rejuvenate themselves after the intellectual exercises of the sanctum, crown the hill. They are not the great primeval forests of the earlier days. Only here and there a great oak rears its head grandly. The rest are trees that a great Western farmer would hardly take much pride in. But they are large enough to tax the physical powers of his friends who come to his farm to question the philosopher on political subjects. He has a courteous way of setting the interlocutor to axing trees while he would fain be axing questions.

THE FENCING.

Stone fences, neat and regularly built, traverse the farm, shutting out the woods from the swamp, the pasture from the orchard, and the barnyard from the ploughed land. Wooden paling serve for the garden and house fencing.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

A dozen springs give out an inexhaustible supply of pure living water. They are carefully enclosed, and one far up in a little glen,

the peerless spring of crystal purity, which the philosopher calls The Spring, is thickly shaded and sheltered, and is as cold as ice water at all stages of the summer. Another, higher up the hill, bubbles to view at a depth of twenty feet in a chasm of the earth. To this a ledge of twenty-nine steps leads. Pipes are laid from these springs to the neighbor's houses in the little village, and thence the whole hamlet obtains water free of water-tax, without money and without price. Nothing can illustrate Mr. G's abounding philanthropy more than this. He is a whole Croton Board in himself, and furnishes purer water at a cheaper rate and more inexhaustible supply to the little village of his friends than our elaborate commission, with all its accessories of Putnam county lakes and the great aqueduct seems able to do.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S BEVERAGE.

To the spring Mr. Greeley turns his steps eagerly the moment he leaves the cars on his return to the farm. There he takes his full draught of the sparkling liquid. His favorite axe is brought to him by his foreman, Mr. Gordon, and, without more ado than the selection of a tree for demolition, he commences to cut at the root of the tree with a lusty swing equal to the intellectual vigor with which he cuts at the roots of things generally.

THE SAGE AT THE AXE.

He cuts right and left like broadsword combatants of the Bowery, and it is sometimes awkward to get too close to him. Since his nomination a number of friends have attended him during his short visits to Chappaqua, and in all instances he has invited them to try their skill in the chopping line. It is impossible to refuse.

A TEST FOR WIRE PULLERS.

Even the weakest muscled politician who ever wasted his physical energies in the dark atmosphere of the court rooms thinks it possible to cut his way to the philosopher's regard by a dexterous handling of the axe. He thinks it is at least as easy as wire-pulling, until he tries it. When his tender hands are blistered, and his spinal cord is about breaking, and his arm at the shoulder feels like a coil of rope, and he sees the hero of the pen and the axe calmly swinging away right and left, one up, one down, with only one or two pearly drops of perspiration standing out upon his forehead, then he gives up that mode of "working his wires" and retires, usually leaving a promising hemlock gashed into hopeless ruin. Mr. Greeley wears all his visitors out at this pastime. Geo. Washington with his little hatchet lapses into imbecility beside him. He could never, in his palmiest days, have whacked big trees with the energy of the great Horace, nor given the "lie, you villain," with half his gusto.

"TAKE A DRINK."

When his visitors are all worn out the great Horace ceases, and asks them blandly, "if it is'n't fine, healthy exercise?" and then he usually shows them his barns, his cows, his orchard, his garden, his evergreens, and ends up a tour of his farm by inviting all hands to take a drink at the peerless spring.

THE VILLAGERS INTERESTED.

Unfortunately for Chappaqua, the Sage spends very little of his time there. He usually goes out on Saturday morning and returns to town Saturday afternoon. It is very seldom now that he spends a night there at all. Both his houses are closed. His family is in Europe, and except the foreman and farm laborers, there is no one to look after his hermitage. All the villagers, however, keep an eye on it. If they see a stranger pulling at the crank which sounds the door bell of his roadside cottage they all volunteer to tell him that nobody lives there.

"It's Mr. Greeley's place," they say, "but he's not at home, and the foreman's out in the woods."

HONOR IN ONE'S OWN COUNTRY.

Chappaqua indeed seems to be proud of her distinction, as the residence of so great a man. The keeper of the Chappaqua House has been debating whether he ought not to swing out Mr. Greeley's head for a sign, and a lager beer saloon, now in course of erection, is to be called the Greeley House. The bar-tenders even give a few five cent silver pieces in change, as a testimonial to Mr. Greeley's views on the specie payment question. Every voter in the village, except possibly three, are determined to vote for him. One old toper, a type of the traditional village toper, said "he had voted the straight Democratic ticket" (he was then taking his whisky straight) "for thirty years, but he'd vote for Mr. Greeley, and thought the Democratic Kimmittee was a dam fool to call another Kinvention, anyhow."

"Do you think he's any chance of election?"

"Chance? I should say so," responded the toper. "Why, all Chappaqua 'll vote for him!"

To what extent the electoral votes of Chappaqua will influence the coming election had not heretofore disturbed the questioner's mind; but this representative of the village evidently considered that the balance of power rested within its precincts.

THE GRUMBLING CHAPPAQUANS.

The property holders of Chappaqua repine somewhat at Mr. Greeley's too frequent absence from his country home. They feel that it is within his power to greatly appreciate their property. His continued residence at the village would be better than a new

railroad. Even as it is, property begins to look up. The tavern-keeper of Chappaqua has had a number of handsome offers to sell out, but is holding off for better prices. But things might be so much better if Mr. Greeley would stay at home that the people will grumble. The storekeeper complains mournfully that "a great many people 'd come here to see Mr. Greeley if he'd on'y stay here."

The man who has wagons and horses to let says, "Many a people in the back country and toward the Hudson would be a driving in every day if Mr. Greeley was here more'n a few hours a week."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

On Saturday night a party from Pleasantville, two miles below, came up with torches and brass bands to serenade the Sage, but found, after all their expense and trouble, that he had passed their village a few hours before on his return to the city.

"There'd been a roaring time," says the bar-keeper of the village, "if he only stayed at home. With speechifying and music and torchlights and applejack drinking, old Chappaqua would have woke up, an' it'd put money in our pocket, too."

GLORIOUS TIMES TO COME.

"If we are to be in this 'ere campaign," adds another village type, "we'd oughter make money. We'd oughter have delegations a-meeting here, and big meetings in Mr. Greeley's woods, and old-fashioned barbecues, and serenades and picnics"—and then, as his hopes were fanned by his imagination, he continued—"and we will have 'im yet. Mr. Greeley ain't a-going back on his old neighbors."

PREPARATIONS.

In consequence of the belief that these sanguine rustics entertain regarding the forthcoming treasures and excitements of the campaign, movements are in progress for the erection of a liberty pole, and the formation of Greeley Clubs, and the flaunting of Greeley banners, and the bright, rosy-cheeked damsels of Chappaqua are already enjoying themselves in anticipation of fine times and heaps of city beaux all through the summer.

A PASSING VIEW.

As one instance of the interest now centering in Chappaqua, it is worthy of note that, when the trains stop, through-passengers step out on the platform and inquire which is Farmer Greeley's place; and, on express trains (which pass Chappaqua at the rate of 25 miles an hour), anxious faces may be seen at the windows, eagerly searching among the various frame houses in the hamlet for that particular house on the road side of which they have all read—the homestead of Honest Horace.



HON. B. GRATZ BROWN.

LIFE OF

Hon. B. Gratz Brown,

Liberal Republican Candidate for Vice-President.

OVERNOR B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri, was the leader of the great Missouri campaign of 1870, which prepared the way for the enunciation of a national policy. Though yet in the very prime of life, his public career has been a marvel of brilliant success, signaled throughout by a fearless contempt of party trammels, and a bold and defiant leadership in the proclamation of advanced views. Governor Brown was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1824, graduated at Yale College, and moved to Missouri in 1850. He studied law and practiced with great success, but was elected to the Legislature in 1852, and remained there for a number of years, by successive re-elections. He entered public life as a Democrat and a follower of the great Benton, became identified at once with the large German population of St. Louis, and during his whole career has been put forward as their special representative among the public men of American birth. Though a Southerner by birth and extensive family associations, he proclaimed from the first his free-soil sympathies. To him belongs the rare distinction of making the first speech in behalf of Emancipation in a Southern Legislature. That speech, delivered at the peril of his life in the Missouri House of Representatives, and at the almost certain sacrifice of all hope of political preferment, was the rallying-cry of that Spartan band of Emancipationists who finally redeemed the State. The Germans, who had settled in large numbers in St. Louis, rallied to the support of Gratz Brown, and returned him to the Legislature, after a bitter contest. From this time on, his efforts were unceasing in the great cause of freedom. He founded the St. Louis Democrat as the organ of the Free-soilers, and as the fearless and brilliant editor of the only Anti-slavery journal in a slave State, soon won a national reputation. In all these efforts he faced the most bitter opposition. Both the great parties denounced and proscribed him.

This was just the occasion for his bold and defiant character. Opposition, threats, proscription, even peril of life, only intensified his devotion to the great principle of Human Freedom. Into the Kansas war he entered, with all the power and fire of his nature.

His editorials in the Democrat, incisive and eloquent, startled the whole country. He early foresaw that the Kansas trouble would extend to a broader field, and, with his clear preception, warned the people of the magnitude of the coming struggle. In 1860 he called the first Republican convention held in a slave State, and in conjunction with the veteran Muench and Emil Pretorius, the latter now associate editor with Carl Schurz in the Westliche Post, organized the Republican party of Missouri. At the outbreak of the war he at once raised a regiment, and with Blair and Lyon did efficient service in saving the State to the Union. He took decided ground for immediate emancipation, and at once became the acknowledged leader of the advanced element of the Republican party, in opposition to the conservative element, and was put forward as their candidate for United States Senator. The contest was bitter and protracted, but the Germans throughout the State rallied to the support of Brown, and after a struggle in the Legislature for several months, he was elected. His course in the Senate was in harmony with his previous career. He was one of the very first to recognize impartial suffrage as the necessary corollary to emancipation, and protested against any form of reconstruction which failed to recognize this principle. His health declining, and large private interests demanding his attention, he declined in 1866 a re-election; and until 1870, though an interested observer, did not actively participate in any of the political movements. The Constitution of the State was intensely proscriptive, and, having opposed it in its inception, his views, whenever occasion called for their expression, were in opposition to a continuance of the policy which it legalized. The oppressions under it finally became unendurable, when the Liberals, under the lead of Brown and Schurz, with the same German element which had done such heroic service in the foundation of the Republican party, now demanded that the party recognize and declare the new order of things, and remove all political proscription from the law. The result is well known. Overpowered in a packed convention, the Liberals appealed to the people, with Gratz Brown as their standard-bearer. Never was a campaign entered upon under more unfavorable auspices. The whole power of the State and National Administrations was invoked to crush the Liberal movement. The course of the Democrats, who were in a hopeless minority, was for a long time undecided. But the Federal interference, only strengthened the cause, and Governor Brown was elected by the unprecedented majority of 42,000; receiving the support of about one-half the Republicans of the State.

including nearly all the Germans, and all of the old leaders in the cause of Freedom.

His administration is a brilliant success. He has restored kindly feeling and harmony in a State much distracted by the passions of the war. Elected by the people, irrespective of party he has disregarded party trammels in the public station, and so, in the dispensation of his patronage, has inaugurated a genuine reform of the civil service. His public messages bear striking evidence to the wonderful breadth and originality of his mind, and ranks him among the very first of American statesmen. His wise, temperate, judicious administration has completely buried the old partyisms in the State, and the Democrats and ex-Confederates unite with his old Abolition friends in the enthusiastic indorsement of the model executive officer. The present position of Missouri is indeed a marvel. The first battle-ground of the struggle, the scene of its bitterest resentments, now presents to the country its own condition as the example of the only genuine reconstruction. As Missouri Republicans were the first to proclaim war against the corruptions and despotism of the Administration, so Missouri Democrats were the first to proclaim the "passive policy" as the means to its overthrow.

The position of Missouri to-day is the unanswerable argument of the Missouri policy.

Such is a brief sketch of the remarkable career of Gratz Brown. In bold and successful leadership, in battling for great principles, his record is one of which no other American statesman can boast. His public life has been a warfare, first against slavery, and now against proscription and centralization; first contending for individual, and now for local freedom. Always a leader, always consistent with himself, and always successful—one of the foremost leaders in the new revolution, and by many thoughtful observers regarded as the leading statesman of the Mississippi valley.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION HELD
AT CINCINNATI, MAY 1, 2 AND 3.

The convention building is known as Exposition Hall, located on the corner of Elm and Fourteenth streets. Excellent preparations had been made by the local committee to preserve order and furnish accommodations. Besides, the great hall had been tastefully ornamented. A line of flags overhung the galleries on both sides of the hall. Beneath these a continuous line of looped evergreens fell from every white column, so as to expose above the row of painted shields of the different States, each shield bearing the name of the State in black letters on a white bar dexter. The pillars supporting the galleries were also wrapped with evergreens as far up as the gallery, and a circle was left in a large mass of evergreens for a small shield. The stage was very beautifully

treated with long skeins of evergreens, covering nearly over the president's head, and at the point of convergence a great bulbous mass of ivy creeper and laurel, fresh and sparkling, dropped down and swung in the clear upper light. Over this a huge wreath of evergreen was suspended from the gas fixtures. The gas standards on each side of the president's stand were wrapped with silk flags, wound round with evergreens. The rear of the stage was covered by a screen of silken flags, with a sheaf of standards and eagles, surmounted first with the effigy of a large spread-eagle, and above with the coat-of-arms of Cincinnati, beautifully draped. A small thicket of tropical and temperate blooms was distributed in front of and on the plank of this screen. Up in the high gable of the hall was a large painting of the Muse of History reading from a volume.

When the spacious hall was filled, it presented a magnificent aspect. The fine, intelligent faces of the delegates, the gayly-dressed ladies, and the immense audience, made a scene never to be forgotten by the fortunate spectator. It was understood that the

OPENING OF THE CONVENTION

would take place promptly at noon, on Wednesday. Long before this hour, however, the hall was crowded with delegates and spectators, to its utmost capacity. The platform, and even the balcony for the musicians, were turned over to delegates. The stage, which was arranged for the seating of three or four hundred people, was packed, and the spaces allotted to the press with outsiders. The delegations filed in without confusion. The ladies' gallery had been, through some error, kept closed, and remained for a time empty, but before the proceedings began a great rush set in thither, and in a few minutes all the available space was seized. The floor of the building was perfectly level, and a wide sea of faces covered the immense surface from wall to wall; the galleries, arranged sloping, presented the same aspect, and from the stage the scene was a magnificent one; face to face, there could be no mistaking the material of this impressive assembly.

Colonel William M. Grosvenor, of Missouri, called the convention to order at a quarter past twelve, and after stating, in a few words, the object of the gathering, nominated Judge Stanley Matthews, of Ohio, for temporary chairman. His Honor's remarks on accepting were felicitous and striking, eliciting burst after burst of applause.

Senator Carl Schurz appearing in the hall shortly after, was hailed with deafening cheers, which subsided only when he made a brief return of the compliment. In order to perfect State delegations, an adjournment was announced until the following morning, and the meeting broke up.

On Thursday the convention re-assembled. As agreed on, each State and Territory was represented by delegates double the num-

ber of its congressional districts, and four delegates at large. The delegations, respectively headed by their chairman, duly marched into the hall and took the seats which were now regularly assigned them inside the barrier. The names of the States appeared on conspicuous sign-boards above the heads of the several delegations. Beyond the barrier, on the floor and in the galleries overhead, an audience even larger than that of yesterday crammed every square foot of space, and men swarmed like bees among the beams and braces that supported the ceiling. The stage, too, was overcrowded, and during the sessions it was difficult to move about among the vast, closely-packed multitude.

THE SECOND DAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

Judge Matthews called the assemblage to order, but an incident occurred that, for a time, interrupted the meeting. Theodore Tilton appeared, elbowing his way down the central aisle, and in his train were Miss Susan B. Anthony, and Miss Laura DeForce Gordon, of California. As they passed up the steps on to the platform, the audience rose and gave them a good-humored cheer. The band played "Come to the Gipsy Camp," and for a few moments there was general hilarity.

The first business of note was the selection of Carl Schurz for permanent president, whose acceptance was the signal for another ovation to the popular German Senator. As he appeared to respond to the honor, the band played "Hail to the Chief." Mr. Schurz delivered a most trenchant speech, which enlisted the earnest attention of his vast audience. Much time was consumed in the consideration of the report of the committee on credentials, and the subject of the tariff question. Three sessions were held on Thursday, each being well attended and followed by outside caucuses.

BALLOTING FOR CANDIDATES.

On Friday, the third and last day, the greatest excitement was manifested. Mr. Horace White, chairman of the committee on the platform, presented an address and series of resolutions as a sober expression of the duties of the hour and the honest demands of the people. The report was received with unanimous favor as the official platform of the convention.

The next order of business was stated by the chair to be the nomination of candidates for the presidency, without the formal presentation of candidates. The roll of States was then called.

Before the vote was announced, Hon. Gratz Brown ascended the rostrum, and was received with loud cheers. He spoke as follows:

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention: Although a delegate to this convention, it has not been possible for me to meet with you until to-day, as I have been detained at home by official

business; and now when I come in for the first time, I find myself in an embarrassing condition. Some of my good friends from my own State, and many from other States, have done me the honor to cast their votes for me for the highest office in the gift of this nation. Now I do not disguise from myself that this is worthy the pride and ambition of any man on the broad face of the globe, but also recognize the fact that it requires ability, culture, experience, age, and many qualities which my modesty forbids me to believe, and which my judgment convinces me I do not possess. I therefore, after tendering to you, gentlemen, my thanks for the compliment which you have given me, desire to say in brief that I came to this convention with no personal end; that I am animated sincerely and solely by the desire of victory in this great contest [cheers], and that I want the man nominated who will receive the largest republican vote in the nation, in opposition to the regular Grant organization, and that in my judgment that man is Horace Greeley.

This concluding declaration was scarcely ended before numerous delegates broke forth into uproarious plaudits, but as these dwindled toward silence a well-defined, concerted hiss crept through the building. As it began to make itself heard and felt, the applause again took up its role, and drowned out the opposing utterance. This cadence dropping in force and loudness, the hisses which had not ceased, notwithstanding the tumult, again struck on the ears, and gave a new impulse to the noisy demonstrative favoritism. The struggle continued for a space of nearly two minutes, when some delegate called for three cheers for Greeley, which were given with open-mouthed vehemence, and brought the contest of approbation and disapprobation to a close. The effect of the speech was immediately seen in the following changes: The delegate from Missouri desired to change the vote of his State, thirty solid votes for Brown, to be given to Greeley.

Many changes were made in the votes, and on the first ballot there was no choice. The enthusiasm increased momentarily. The second ballot was as follows:

Greeley	239
Adams	243
Trumbull	148
Davis	81
Brown	2
Chase	1

Other changes were made by States.

At the end of the third call the vote footed up as follows:

Greeley	258
Trumbull	156
Adams	264
Davis	44
Brown	2

Brief consultations ensued. Heads nodded, eyes winked, hands beat all manner of time.

The roll was called for the fourth time, resulting as follows :

Adams.....	279
Greeley	251
Trumbull	141
Davis.....	51
Brown	2

Every vote gained for Adams and Greeley was received with cheers.

The poll stood as follows at the close of the fifth ballot :

Adams.....	309
Greeley	258
Trumbull	91
Davis.....	30
Brown	2
Chase	24

The excitement now became delirious. Leaders of delegations endeavored to gain the fullest information from their associates for the next struggle.

The chair declared the following the result of the poll at the close of the sixth ballot :

Adams.....	324
Greeley	332
Trumbull.....	19
Davis	6
Chase	32
Palmer.....	1

Before the vote was formally announced, Minnesota changed nine from Trumbull to Greeley. Various States changed their votes. A scene of great confusion and noise followed. Mr. McClure changed Pennsylvania to fifty for Greeley and six for Davis. (Great cheers). Indiana changed to twenty-seven for Greeley. A stampede of changes to Greeley here occurred, and the noise and confusion that followed were very great.

Illinois changed solid to Greeley, except one delegate, who insisted that his vote should stand for Trumbull. The chair finally announced the result as follows :

Whole vote.....	714
Necessary to a choice.....	358
Adams.....	187
Greeley	482

The second and last ballot for candidate for Vice-President resulted as follows:

Whole number of votes.....	696
Necessary to a choice.....	349
Brown	435
Julian	175
Walker	75
Tipton.....	3
Palmer	8

The great business being concluded, a resolution of thanks to Cincinnati, for her hospitality, and to the officers of the convention, were adopted, and President Schurz declared the Liberal Republican Convention adjourned *sine die*.

ADDRESS AND RESOLUTIONS

OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION, HELD AT CINCINNATI,
MAY 1, 2, AND 3, 1872.

[*Official Copy.*]

Address to the People of the United States:

The Administration now in power has rendered itself guilty of wanton disregard of the laws of the land, and of usurping powers not granted by the Constitution; it has acted as if the laws had binding force only for those who are governed, and not for those who govern. It has thus struck a blow at the fundamental principles of Constitutional government and the liberties of the citizens.

The President of the United States has openly used the powers and opportunities of his high office for the promotion of personal ends.

He has kept notoriously corrupt and unworthy men in places of power and responsibility, to the detriment of the public interest.

He has used the public service of the government as a machinery of corruption and personal influence, and has interfered, with tyrannical arrogance, in the political affairs of States and municipalities.

He has rewarded with influential and lucrative offices men who had acquired his favor by valuable presents, thus stimulating the demoralization of our political life by his conspicuous example.

He has shown himself deplorably unequal to the task imposed upon him by the necessities of the country, and culpably careless of the responsibilities of his high office.

The partisans of the administration, assuming to be the republican party, and controlling its organization, have attempted to justify such wrongs, and palliate such abuses, to the end of maintaining partisan ascendancy.

They have stood in the way of necessary investigations and indispensable reforms, pretending that no serious fault could be found with the present administration of public affairs, thus seeking to blind the eyes of the people.

They have kept alive the passions and resentments of the late civil war, to use them for their own advantage; they have resorted to arbitrary measures in direct conflict with the organic law, instead of appealing to the better instincts and latent patriotism of the southern people by restoring to them these rights, the enjoyment of which is indispensable to a successful administration of their local affairs, and would tend to revive a patriotic and hopeful national feeling.

They have degraded themselves and the name of their party, once justly entitled to the confidence of the nation, by a base sycophancy to the dispenser of executive power and patronage unworthy of republican freemen; they have sought to silence the voice of just criticism, and stifle the moral sense of the people, and to subjugate public opinion by tyrannical party discipline.

They are striving to maintain themselves in authority for selfish ends by an unscrupulous use of the power which rightfully belongs to the people, and should be employed only in the service of the country.

Believing that an organization thus led and controlled can no longer be of service to the best interests of the Republic, we have resolved to make an independent appeal to the sober judgment, conscience, and patriotism of the American people.)

RESOLUTIONS.

We, the Liberal Republicans of the United States in National Convention Assembled at Cincinnati, proclaim the following principles as essential to just government:

1. We recognize the equality of all men before the law, and hold that it is the duty of government, in its dealings with the people, to mete out equal and exact justice to all, of whatever nativity, race, color or persuasion, religious or political.

2. We pledge ourselves to maintain the Union of the States, emancipation and enfranchisement, and oppose any re-opening of

the questions settled by the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments of the Constitution.

3. We demand the immediate and absolute removal of all disabilities imposed on account of the rebellion which was finally subdued seven years ago, believing that universal amnesty will result in complete pacification in all sections of the country.

4. Local self-government, with impartial suffrage, will guard the rights of all citizens more securely than any centralized power. The public welfare requires the supremacy of the civil over the military authority, and the freedom of person under the protection of the *habeas corpus*. We demand for the individual the largest liberty consistent with public order, for the State self-government, and for the Nation a return to the methods of peace and the Constitutional limitations of power.

5. The Civil Service of the government has become a mere instrument of partisan tyranny and personal ambition, and an object of selfish greed. It is a scandal and reproach upon free institutions, and breeds a demoralization dangerous to the perpetuity of Republican government.

6. We, therefore, regard a thorough reform of the Civil Service as one of the most pressing necessities of the hour; that honesty, capacity and fidelity constitute the only valid claims to public employment; that the offices of the government cease to be a matter of arbitrary favoritism and patronage, and that public station shall become again a place of honor. To this end it is imperatively required that no President shall be a candidate for re-election.

7. We demand a system of federal taxation which shall not unnecessarily interfere with the industry of the people, and which shall provide the means necessary to pay the expenses of the government, economically administered, the pensions, the interest on the public debt, and a moderate annual reduction of the principal thereof; and recognizing that there are, in our midst, honest but irreconcilable differences of opinion with regard to the respective systems of Protection and Free Trade, we remit the discussion of the subject to the people in their Congressional Districts, and the decision of Congress thereon, wholly free from Executive interference or dictation.

8. The public credit must be sacredly maintained, and we denounce repudiation in every form and guise.

9. A speedy return to specie payments is demanded alike by the highest considerations of commercial morality and honest government.

10. We remember with gratitude the heroism and sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors of the Republic, and no act of ours shall ever detract from their justly earned fame or the full rewards of their patriotism.

11. We are opposed to all further grants of land to railroads or other corporations. The public domain should be held sacred to actual settlers.

12. We hold that it is the duty of the government in its intercourse with foreign nations to cultivate the friendships of peace, by treating with all on fair and equal terms, regarding it alike dishonorable either to demand what is not right or submit to what is wrong.

13. For the promotion and success of these vital principles, and the support of the candidates nominated by this Convention, we invite and cordially welcome the co-operation of all patriotic citizens, without regard to previous political affiliations.

MR. GREELEY'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE ON BEING NOTIFIED OF HIS NOMINATION.

NEW YORK, May 3, 1872.

To Whitelaw Reid :

Please tender my grateful acknowledgments to the members of the convention for the generous confidence they have shown me, and assure them I shall endeavor to deserve it.

HORACE GREELEY.

CINCINNATI, May 3, 1872.

DEAR SIR: The National Convention of Liberal Republicans of the United States have instructed the undersigned, president, vice-president and secretaries of the convention, to inform you that you have been nominated as the candidate of the Liberal Republicans for the Presidency of the United States. We also submit to you the address and resolutions unanimously adopted by the convention. Be pleased to signify to us your acceptance of the platform and nomination, and believe us very truly yours,

C. SCHURZ, *President*.

GEORGE W. JULIAN, *Vice-President*.

WILLIAM E. McLANE, JOHN X. DAVIDSON, J. H. RHODES, *Secretaries*.

To Hon. Horace Greeley, New York City.

MR. GREELEY'S REPLY.

NEW YORK, 20th May, 1872.

GENTLEMEN: I have chosen not to acknowledge your letter of the 3d instant, until I could learn how the work of your convention was received in all parts of our great country, and judge whether that work was approved and ratified by the masses of our fellow-

citizens. Their response has from day to day reached me through telegrams, letters and comments of journalists independent of official patronage and indifferent to the smiles or frowns of power. The number and character of these unconstrained, unpurchased, unsolicited utterances, satisfy me that the movement which found expression at Cincinnati has received the stamp of public approval, and been hailed by a majority of our countrymen as the harbinger of a better day for the republic. I do not ministerpret this approval as especially complimentary to myself, nor even to the chivalrous and justly esteemed gentleman with whose name I thank your convention for associating mine. I receive and welcome it as a spontaneous and deserved tribute to that admirable platform of principles, wherein your convention so tersely so lucidly, so forcibly set forth the convictions which impelled and the purposes which guided its course—a platform which, casting behind it the wreck and rubbish of worn-out contentions and bygone feuds, embodies in fit and few words, the needs and aspirations of to-day. Though thousands stand ready to condemn your every act, hardly a syllable of criticism or cavil has been aimed at your platform, of which the substance may be fairly epitomized as follows :

1. All political rights and franchises, which have been acquired through our late bloody convulsion, must and shall be guaranteed, maintained, enjoyed and respected evermore.

2. All political rights and franchises which have been lost through that convulsion should, and must, be promptly restored and re-established, so that there shall be henceforth no proscribed class and no disfranchised caste within the limits of our Union, whose long estranged people shall reunite and fraternize upon the broad basis of universal amnesty and impartial suffrage.

3. That, subject to our solemn constitutional obligation to maintain the equal rights of all citizens, our policy should aim at local self-government and not centralization; that the civil authority should be supreme over the military; that the writ of *habeas corpus* should be zealously upheld as the safeguard of personal freedom; that the individual citizen should enjoy the largest liberty consistent with public order, and that there shall be no federal subversion of internal polity of the several States and municipalities, but that each shall be left free to enforce rights, and promote the well-being of its inhabitants by such means as the judgment of its own people shall prescribe.

4. There shall be a real, and not merely a simulated reform, in the Civil Service of the republic, to which end it is indispensable that the chief dispenser of its vast official patronage shall be shielded from main temptation to use his power selfishly, by a rule inexorably forbidding and precluding his re-election.

5. That the raising of revenue, whether by tariff or otherwise, shall be recognized and treated as the people's immediate business, to be shaped and directed by them through their represent-

atives in Congress, whose action thereon the President must neither over-rule by his veto, attempt to dictate, nor presume to punish by bestowing office only on those who agree with him, or withdrawing it from those who do not.

6. That the public lands must be sacredly reserved for occupation and acquisition by cultivators, and not recklessly squandered on projects of railroads for which our people have no present need, and the premature construction of which is annually plunging us into deeper and deeper abysses of foreign indebtedness.

7. That the achievement of these grand purposes of universal beneficence, is expected and sought at the hands of all who approve them, irrespective of past affiliations.

8. That the public faith must be maintained and the national credit preserved.

9. That the patriotic devotedness and inestimable services of our fellow-citizens, who as soldiers or sailors, upheld the flag and maintained the unity of the republic, shall ever be gratefully remembered and honorably requited.

These propositions, so ably and forcibly presented in the platform of your convention, have already fixed the attention and commanded the assent of a large majority of our countrymen, who joyfully adopt them, as I do, as the basis of a true, beneficent national reconstruction; of a new departure from jealousies, strifes, and hates, which have no longer adequate motive, or even plausible pretext, into an atmosphere of peace, fraternity, and mutual good will. In vain do the drill-sergeants of decaying organizations flourish menacingly their truncheons, and angrily insist that the files shall be closed and straightened. In vain do the whippers-in of parties, once vital, because rooted in the vital needs of the hour, protest against straying and bolting, denounce men nowise their inferiors, as traitors and renegades, and threaten them with infamy and ruin. I am confident that the American people have already made your cause their own, fully resolved that their brave hearts and strong arms shall bear it on to triumph. In this faith, and with the distinct understanding that if elected I shall be the President, not of a party, but of the whole people, I accept your nomination, in the confident trust that the masses of our countrymen, north and south, are eager to clasp hands across the bloody chasm that has too long divided them, forgetting that they have been enemies in the joyful consciousness that they are, and must henceforth remain, brethren. Yours, gratefully,

HORACE GREELEY.

To Hon. Carl Schurz, President; Hon. George W. Julian, Vice President; and Messrs. William E. McLane, John X. Davidson, J. H. Rhodes, Secretaries of the National Convention of Liberal Republicans of the United States.

WE'RE ALL FOR HORACE.

BY GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

'Tis honest Horace Greeley,
With his old white coat and staff!
The politicians laugh in fear,
In joy the people laugh;
A laugh comes o'er the Paddy's face,
And o'er the Negro's mouth,
And first, since all these bloody years,
Laughs, too, the wounded South!

With laughter like the summer,
"Let us have peace," indeed,
And not the frosty soldier piece
Whose word's a broken reed;
But with this grand old neighbor's rule,
And times of golden law,
Old hatreds shall be turned to loves
And laughter to huzza.

The camp fires burn for Greeley,
But not on fields of arms;
They burn by thinking cotters' hearths,
And wink from prairie farms,
Where good old couples rub their palms,
And say: "Praise God, 'tis so!
Since ruled so long by men who kill,
To vote for one we know."

Put by the lamp, friend Horace!
Thy kindly, busy quill,
When we have made thee President,
Then shalt thou have thy will.
For thirty years of earnest work
Deserve a ruler's wish,
That "when he sees the country safe
He'd like to go and fish."

Ah! better had these Captains,
Who laugh to their dismay,
Said half the wise things in their reign
Thou sayest every day!
And better had they fished like thee,
Or farmed as bad, dear sage,
Then fished for rich men's company,
And farmed out patronage!

Some wise men fear thy kindness,
 Thy crotchets some distress,
 Some fear thy sturdy temperance,
 And some thy simple dress,
 These only feel their private wish,
 When they good Greeley scan,
 But all the mighty people feel
 An earnest fellow man!

Stand up and shout, ye laughers!
 The laughing sun comes out;
 Together let the Northern Yank
 And Southern Johnny shout;
 For Brown and Greeley break the night,
 And lead the era in;
 They'll teach us how to laugh and farm,—
 We'll teach them how to win!

THE CHEERING NEWS.

Say, have you heard the cheering news?
 Grant and Morton have got the blues;
 The people know what they're about—
 They're going to turn all barnacles out.
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

All classes know our cause is true;
 We will vote for Brown, and Greeley too
 For him who leads the Workingman,
 And Old Kentucky's gifted son.
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

From every State we hear the cry;
 The rallying shout is rising high;
 And Horace G., they'll find, will be
 As popular as Old Hickory.
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

The North and South, the East and West
 Will all join hands to do the best;
 And Freemen's votes, cast at the polls,
 Will drive the shoddies in their holes.
 Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE LAST LAY OF USELESS BEFORE HE WAS LAID
OUT BY H. G. AND THE PEOPLE.

AIR—"Put Me in My Little Bed."

O, Forney, I am tired now
I do not care to hear you sing;
You've sung your ancient songs all day,
So put your head beneath your wing,
You soon will go for Greeley too,
Because you love the winning side;
What then shall I, poor Useless do
Whom all men hate, or else deride?
Chorus—Come, Forney, come,
Kiss me good night,
In grief I hang my low-browed head;
My friends have left for Chappaqua;
Put Granty in his leetle bed!

The *Sun*, that shines for all true men,
Has no mild beams to shed on me;
It scorns my stud and bull-pups ten,
And scolds me 'cause I love a spree.
I wish I now was at Long Branch,
In Murphy's cottage by the sea,
I must vamoise the White House ranch,
Unless I head off Horace G.
Come, Forney, come,
Kiss me good night, &c.

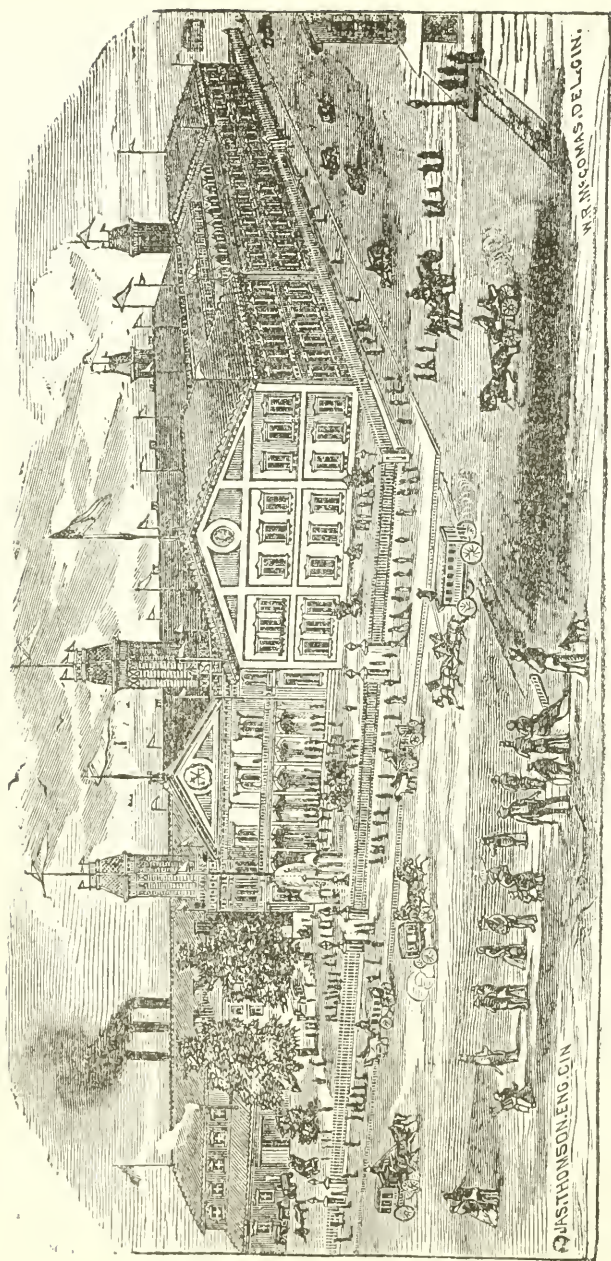
Oh! joy—a happy thought for once
Soothes this dull head and bosom sore,
Send for Dan Voorhees!—what a dunce,
I did not think of him before.
I want some Democratic tools
To clamor for a ticket straight,
To make their party blasted fools,
And help me run my Coach of State.
Come, Forney, come,
Kiss me good night,
Then go and leave me with the dead,
My friends are bound for Chappaqua,
So put me in my little bed.

GRANT'S FAMILY RING.

Forty-one of 'em
(Keep the run of 'em),
Suckers all—the State needs none of 'em—
Avoirdupois, there's more than three ton of 'em—
Humbugs, every suu of a gun of 'em,
Old Daddy Grant,
The Boss Cormorant,
Feathers his nest in the Covington Post Office,
Orville L. G.
(Hunky boy on a spree)
Draws on his pal in an Illinois coast office—
Half the connections of 'Lysses can boast office—
Corbins and Dents,
Cramers and Bents,
Sharpes, and Boots, and Caseys, and Pattons ;
But the Dents take the lead
Of the whole blessed breed,
For when the places were going they went in for the fat 'uns.

Brothers-in-law, nephews and cousins,
Groups of 'em, troops of 'em—several dozens—
Billeted all on a tax-ground community,
Plundering, whenever they find opportunity,
Mocking the people with perfect impunity !
O what a set !
Lucifer's net,
In a hundred prime casts, such a haul couldn't get.
Ministers, Judges, Appraisers, Collectors,
Marshals, Assessors, Surveyors, Inspectors,
Postmasters, Mail Agents, uninformed Hectors,
Gods what a corps of 'em !
Wait—there'll be more of 'em ;
Forty-and-one—there will soon be three-score of 'em ;
Outside are hungry ones—list to the roar of 'em !

Chief and head man,
U. S. G. leads the van.
Rob-Roying the public to fatten his clan.
If you're Rob-Roy's relation,
Walk up, take your ration ;
If not, and you sign for a government station,
Put your hand in your pocket and try a donation.
Motives in these days are not to be sifted
When knaves to office are suddenly lifted,
We say, when we hear
Of the act, it is clear
Grant, though not great, is *uncommonly gifted*.



HALL OF THE LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION AT CINCINNATI, OHIO,

HON. B. GRATZ BROWN'S LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

IN reply to the notification of his nomination as Vice-President, by the Cincinnati Convention, Governor Brown makes the following response :

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, {
JEFFERSON CITY, May 31, 1872. }

GENTLEMEN : Your letter advising me of the action of the Liberal Republican Convention at Cincinnati has been received, and I return through you my acknowledgment of the honor which has been conferred on me. I accept the nomination as candidate for Vice-President, and indorse, most cordially, the resolutions setting forth the principles on which this appeal is made to the whole people of the United States. A century is closing upon our experience of republican government, and while that lapse of time has witnessed great expansion of our free institutions, yet it has not been without illustrations also of grave dangers to the stability of such system. Those successfully encountered, it is needless to speak of. Those which remain to menace us most threateningly, are provided against, as I firmly believe, in the wise and pacific measures proposed by your platform. It has come to be the practice of those elevated to positions of national authority to regard the public service, not as a public trust, but only as a means to retain power. This results in substituting party organization for the government itself; constitutes a control amenable to no laws or moralities; impairs all independent thought; enables the few to rule the many; and makes personal allegiance the road to favor. It requires little forecast to perceive that this will wreck our liberties, unless there be interposed a timely reform of the administration, from its highest to its lowest station, which shall not only forbid abuses, but likewise take away the incentive to this practice. Wearied with the contentions that are carried on in avarice of spoils, the country resents the efforts of officials to dragoon it again into partisan hostilities, and will zealously sustain any movement promising a sure deliverance.

Of the perils which have been connected with the war, it is safe to say that only those are now to be feared which come of an abuse of victory into permanent estrangement. The Union is fortified by more power than ever before, and it remains as an im-

perative duty to cement our Nationality by a perfect reconciliation. At the North a wide-spread sympathy is aroused in behalf of those States of the South which, long after the termination of resistance to rightful federal authority, are still plundered under the guise of loyalty, and tyrannized over in the name of freedom. Along with this feeling is present, too, the recognition that in complete amnesty alone can be found hope of any return to constitutional government as of old, or any development of a more enduring unity and broader national life in the future. Amnesty, however, to be efficacious, must be real, not nominal; genuine, not evasive. It must carry along with it equal rights, as well as equal protection to all; for the removal of disabilities as to some, with enforcement as to others, leaves room for suspicion that pardon is measured by political gain. Especially will such proffered clemency be futile in the presence of renewed attempts at prolonging a suspension of the *habeas corpus*, in a persistent resort to marshal rather than civil law, in upholding those agencies used to alienate races whose concord is most essential, and in preparing another elaborate campaign on a basis of dead issues and arbitrary interventions. All will rightly credit such conduct as but a mockery of amnesty, and demand an administration which can give better warrant of honesty in the great work of reconstruction and reform.

In the array of sectional interests a republic so wide-spread as ours is never entirely safe from serious conflicts. These become still more dangerous when complicated with questions of taxation, where unequal burdens are believed to be imposed on one part at the expense of another part. It was a bold, as well as admirable policy, in the interest of present, as well as future tranquility, to withdraw the decision of industrial and revenue matters from the virtual arbitration of an Electoral College, chosen with a single animating purpose of party ascendancy, and refer them for a more direct popular expression to each congressional district, and instead of being muzzled by some evasive declaration, the country is thereby invited to its frankest utterance, and sections which would revolt at being denied a voice, out of deference to other sections, would be content to acquiesce in a general judgment honestly elicited. If local government be, as it undoubtedly is, the most vital principle of our institutions, much advance will be made toward re-establishing it by enabling the people to pass upon questions so nearly affecting their well-being dispassionately through their local representation. The precipitancy which would force a controlling declaration on the tax or tariff through the presidential candidacy is only a disguised form of centralization, involving hazardous breaches of executive influence. The conclusion will be much more impartially determined, and with less disturbance to trade and finances, by appealing to the most truthful and diversified local expression. Industrial issues can be thus likewise

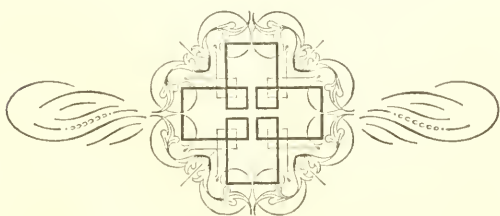
emancipated from the favor of great monopolies, each canvass made to determine its own specific instruction, and each representative held to fidelity towards his immediate constituents. These are the most prominent features of the general concert of action which proposes to replace the present administration by one more in sympathy with the aspirations of the masses of our countrymen. Of course, such concert cannot be attained by thrusting every minor or past difference into the foreground, and it will be for the people, therefore, to determine whether these objects are of such magnitude and present urgency as to justify them in deferring other adjustments until the country shall be first restored to a free suffrage, uninfluenced by official dictation, and ours become, in fact, a free republic, released from apprehension of a central domination.

Without referring in detail to various other propositions embraced in the resolutions of the convention, but seeing how all contemplate restoration of power to the people, peace to the nation, and purity to the government; that they condemn the attempt to establish an ascendancy of military over civil rule, and affirm with explicitness the maintenance of equal freedom to all citizens, irrespective of race, previous condition, or pending disabilities, I have only to again pledge myself and my sincere co-operation.

I have the honor to remain, very respectfully, yours,

(Signed)

B. GRATZ BROWN.





MR. GREELEY ON HIS FARM.

THE
LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES
OF
HON. HORACE GREELEY,
LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
AND OF
HON. B. GRATZ BROWN,
CANDIDATE FOR VICE PRESIDENT;
WITH A RECORD OF
THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE CINCINNATI CONVENTION,
ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE, PLATFORM OF THE PARTY,
ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED.

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1872.

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GOODSPEED'S PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN BOOK!

The "Master Spirits of the World, and the American Citizen's Treasure House."

BY J. WASHINGTON GOODSPEED.

THE OLD WORLD; what ever-changing phases it presents; what great upheavals among the nations. Revolution follows revolution, and through blood, desolation and death, peoples and governments are moving slowly but surely onward toward liberty and Christianity. The last year has witnessed the consolidation of Italy, so long fragmentary and impotent, into one powerful State, with Rome as its capital; the humiliation of France, through a series of crushing defeats, ending with the siege and capitulation of her proud and gay metropolis; the expulsion of the Bourbons from the Spanish throne and a substitution for them of a scion of the most liberal among royal houses; the virtual absorption of the kingdoms of Saxony, Wurtemberg, Bavaria, with Baden, Hesse, the Hanse Towns, etc., under the headship of Prussia, into the triumphant and powerful empire of Germany. Russia is arming to reassert her preponderance in the councils of Europe, or to prosecute her often postponed but never relinquished designs on the great city founded by Constantine, and the vast dominion of the Sultan is hastening to decay and dissolution.

THE NEW WORLD; what a contrast does it present, and how gladly do we turn away from this chaotic scene to our beloved land, rejoicing in peace and prosperity, and blessed with the most perfect system of government on earth. We can lift up our eyes with gratitude to Heaven and say, with all the pride and patriotism that ever inspired the heart of a Roman, thank God! "I am an American citizen." That with each succeeding generation our progress may be more substantial, and the principles that underlie our government more firmly established, and our glory shine more and more unto the perfect day, does it not behoove every American citizen to become more familiar with the history of the Republic, the principles and details of our government, his duties and responsibilities as a voter, and to know more of the great and good men who have made us what we are. With this end in view, we have published

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